

Seven Splendid Stories by AMY LE FEUVRE, DAVID LYALL, &c.
January, 1909. Home Department, with Useful Hints. 6d.

The QUIVER



CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, London, New York, Toronto & Melbourne.

80 Years' Success

For COUGHS For COLDS

Congreve's
Balsamic
Elixir

For CONSUMPTION For BRONCHITIS

For ASTHMA

Of Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, & 1/-
Congreve's Book on
CONSUMPTION, &c., post free 6d.
Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E.

'ARETHUSA' JACK APPEALS FOR HELP.

The "ARETHUSA" and "CHICHESTER" Training Ships prepare poor boys of good character for the ROYAL NAVY and MERCANTILE MARINE.

80 boys each year sent into the Royal Navy.
6,000 Boys have entered the Merchant Service.
SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be
thankfully received.

FOUNDED 1843. President—THE EARL OF JERSEY, G.C.B.

THE NATIONAL REFUGES FOR
HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

INCORPORATED 1860.

London Office: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Joint Secretaries (H. BRISTOW WALLEN, HENRY G. COPELAND)



FREE.

We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Now we will send you a free sample bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will cut out the top half of the print of bottle in this advertisement and forward same to us, mentioning this publication.

Mellin's Food

"Fresh milk. This makes enough for 4 hours every two hours."

By means of **Mellin's Food**

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.

Either of the following :—

"**THE CARE OF INFANTS**," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth,

"**HINTS ON WEANING**," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets,

will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants on application to **MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.**

LADIES. — REMEMBER that for PRESERVING your SKIN and COMPLEXION from the effects of Frost, Cold Winds and Hard Water

BEETHAM'S
Lait Reg'd Larola

IS UNEQUALLED! It entirely removes all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS CHAPS, IRRITATION, ETC., and keeps THE SKIN Soft, Smooth & White ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Bottles 1s., 2s. 6d. of all Chemists &c Stores.
M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham.

17-180-1
1897

DO YOU COUGH?

TAKE

**KEATING'S
LOZENGES**

Tins 13^½d

YOU WON'T COUGH.

**Superfluous Hair.**

Everything that grows in Nature depends upon a root for its growth, and until that root is destroyed the growth will continue. When ladies realise this thoroughly they will know how useless all liquids, pastes, &c., are for removing hair for ever.

The "Tensfeldt Apparatus" is Electrolysis simplified, and with it you can, in the privacy of your own home, kill the roots, without

leaving the slightest mark or disfigurement.

I will forward a copy of my book, "The Face Perfect," in plain wrapper, giving full particulars of this treatment, to all sufferers from this dread scourge of Superfluous Hair. It is free to you for the mere trouble of asking for it. Permanent Cure Guaranteed. All Letters Strictly Confidential.

MADAME TENSFELDT, HAIR AND SKIN SPECIALIST,
121H, Princes St., Edinburgh.

CALOX**The Oxygen
Tooth Powder**

Its efficiency as a cleanser of the teeth is due to the Oxygen which it generates when used.

Put up in dainty metal boxes.
Sold everywhere at 1/-.

**A. C. WOOTTON, 14, Trinity Sq.,
London, E.C.**



When Out of Sorts

the wisest course is undoubtedly to take Beecham's Pills. By so doing you call to your aid one of the most reliable curative agents known, and ensure a speedy and natural recovery. The "out of sorts" condition being almost always due to a derangement of the digestive organs, it is obvious that what is required is a medicine that can successfully deal with all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. If you

Take

Beecham's Pills you lay the foundation of good sound robust health and incidentally remove the "out of sorts" condition. The immediate effect of these pills is to put the digestion thoroughly in order, and when once this is achieved perfect health cannot fail to follow. Unlike the merely temporary effects of stimulants, a permanent exhilaration that springs from steady nerve force results from taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1 (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).

**Baby's Happiness comes
with Health, and Health
comes with Wright's Coal
Tar Soap.**

THE Nursery Soap.

4d. per Tablet.



Health in the Home.

The British Association on the
Evils of White Bread.

"Keep to Brown Bread (not Wholemeal) and the teeth, hair, nails, and bones are improved."

"The popularity of White flour is a direct cause of the increase of consumption."

This is a statement made to the members of the British Association at its last meeting.

The best Brown Bread is HOVIS, which is not a Wholemeal bread. Ask for it always as HOVIS and see the name on every loaf.

Try it toasted and you will find it delicious.
In this way the nutty flavour is accentuated.

Illustrated booklet, samples, and further particulars can be had on request to the Hovis Bread Flour Co., Ltd., Macclesfield.

HOVIS

BREAD

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER



*Let me tell
you about
Benger's Food
for Invalids.*

BENGER'S

In times of sickness and ill-health the natural digestive organs are nearly always deranged, consequently the digestive functions become entirely inadequate.

Failure to fully digest any food taken into the stomach means failure to supply nourishment when nourishment is most required.

On the other hand, if the digestive system can do any work at all, it should be given work to the extent of its powers, so that as the strength increases the digestive organs are regaining their activity.

The great advantage of Benger's Food is that it can be prepared to give either a carefully regulated exercise of digestion, or almost complete rest, according to the condition of the patient.

Thus, in cases of extreme weakness, Benger's Food can be so prepared, in conjunction with milk, that the various Food constituents are in a condition suitable for immediate assimilation by the circulatory fluids.

It is prepared as a complete Food in the form of a dainty and delicious cream, rich in all the elements necessary to sustain life.

The composition of Benger's Food is well known to medical men and is approved by them. There is no real substitute for it.

Every lady having the care of an invalid, temporary or permanent, young or old, would learn much that is valuable to know in the new Booklet just published by the proprietors of Benger's Food; among other things, it contains a variety of dainty invalid recipes prepared to relieve the monotony of milk diet, which becomes very irksome to invalids. A copy will be sent Post Free on application to

Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

How Hair-Pads Kill Ladies' Hair.

WARNING BY ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST.

SPECIAL "HARLENE" HAIR DRILL FOR LADIES.

"Hair-Pads," said Mr. Edwards, in response to an interrogation, "are very widely used at the present time—and in consequence hair disorders of every kind are very widely prevalent. I do not say that in all cases the latter are due to the former, but that in most instances 'Hair Weakness' and 'Hair Poverty' are directly attributable to the wearing of such injurious pads I am absolutely convinced."

"I will give you," he went on, "just a few of the reasons why.

"I.—*Hair-Pads strain the Hair*—and, sooner or later, *Strained Hair means Scanty Hair*.

"II.—*Hair-Pads artificially support the Hair*, and all artificial supports weaken the object they are supporting. Carry your arm in splints for a year and it will become thin, weak, and healthless. Support your hair in pads, and it will become thin, weak, and healthless.

"III.—*Hair-Pads prevent the air from freely circulating around the roots of the hair*, and a free supply of air is an absolute health-necessity to all things that grow. Any person 'crib'd, cabin'd, and confined' in a close, pent-in, badly ventilated room will grow weak, sickly, pallid, and unhealthy, and so will the hair. This injurious influence of the hair-pad is an undoubtedly cause of greyness and hair discolouration.

"It is not merely the indiscriminate pouring of 'Harlene' upon the hair that is required for a successful hair harvest. It is the gentle finger-tip massaging of the 'Harlene' into the scalp, so stimulating the roots of the hair, that causes the latter to spring up in such luxuriant profusion. And if at the same time ladies will moisten the palms of their hands with 'Harlene,' and draw the strands of their hair through it, as shown in illustration, gently pressing it and kneading it with the fingers, this will greatly improve its texture, imparting to it a glorious beauty, glowing with its own natural colouring, while softly gleaming with the lustrous radiance of perfect health.

"'Harlene Hair Drill' liberates the hair from

hair-slavery, and those who both 'drill' and brush the hair daily have not the slightest use for 'hair bolsters' at all.

"One week's practice of 'Harlene Hair Drill' will provide such pleasing results in the way of hair-growth of every person—man, woman, or child—as to create a healthy distaste for beauty that is unreal—and *unnecessarily artificial*."

So confident are the proprietors of "Harlene for the Scalp and Hair" in the growth stimulus of their "Harlene Hair Drill" that they have decided to give every reader of *The Quiver* who is desirous of improving the condition of his or her hair, or who is troubled in any way with hair weakness, the opportunity of making a trial of "Harlene Hair Drill" free of all cost.

All you have to do is to fill up the coupon at the foot of this article, and send it, with the three penny stamps to cover carriage, to Messrs. Edwards, 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C. If called for, the sample outfit will be handed to you free of any cost.

Further supplies of Edwars' "Harlene for the Scalp and Hair" can be obtained at all high-class chemists and stores throughout the world in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, or sent direct and post paid (to any address in the United Kingdom) on receipt of postal order.



We give you a word of warning. Don't take internal drugs in the vain hope of attempting to stimulate the hair roots. Such drugs are not only useless for this purpose, but are also extremely dangerous to the general health.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL OUTFIT.

The Quiver, January, 1909.
On receipt of this Coupon Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co. Hair Specialists by Royal Appointment, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., will send package containing supply of "Harlene" and full instructions for the one week's Free Trial of "Harlene Hair Drill."

Name.....

Address.....

Enclose three penny stamps to cover postage or carriage to any part of the world. It will be no charge made.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER

It Fills Itself

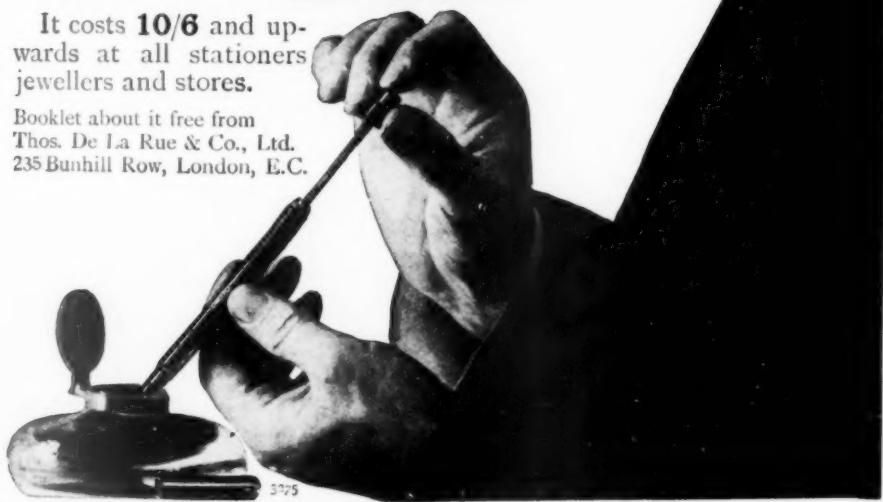
If you use an Onoto Pen, there'll be no filler to break or lose—because the Onoto fills itself in a flash. It cannot leak. For writing it's A 1—suits every hand and every style of writing—runs easily over the paper—lasts a lifetime. It is perfection and it is British made. Get one to-day and use it.

Onoto

Self-Filling - - Safety Fountain Pen

It costs **10/6** and upwards at all stationers, jewellers and stores.

Booklet about it free from
Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd.
235 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.



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It Fills Itself

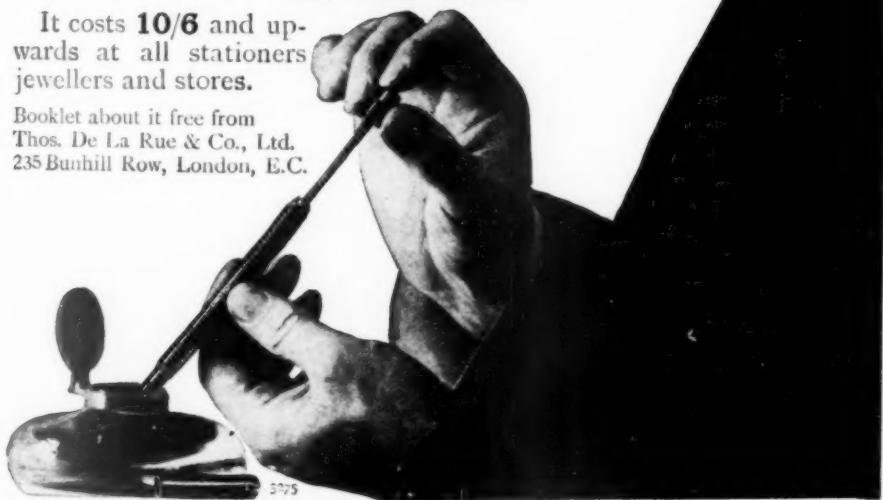
If you use an Onoto Pen, there'll be no filler to break or lose—because the Onoto fills itself in a flash. It cannot leak. For writing it's A 1—suits every hand and every style of writing—runs easily over the paper—lasts a lifetime. It is perfection and it is British made. Get one to-day and use it.

Onoto

Self-Filling - - Safety Fountain Pen

It costs **10/6** and upwards at all stationers, jewellers and stores.

Booklet about it free from
Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd.
235 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.



In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER

Is a Good Head of Hair a Condition of Success?

HOW STANDS IT WITH THE GOVERNMENT?

JOHN BRIGHT used to tell how a barber who was cutting his hair once said to him : " You have a large 'ead, sir ; it is a good thing to have a large 'ead, for a large 'ead means a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can 'ave, as it nourishes the roots of the 'air." Have the successful leaders of British public life to-day an adequate supply of this useful substance ? How stands it with the Government ? Most people would say : " Very well indeed."

In view of the recent discovery of "Tatcho" by Mr. Geo. R. Sims it is a significant fact that a survey of the Treasury Bench, taken from the Strangers' Gallery, to-day reveals

NOT ONE BALD HEAD

Most members are well covered, while the Prime Minister, Mr. Haldane, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. John Burns are, as is well known, possessed of splendid heads of hair. The proportion of hair to no hair is also maintained in the House itself: a recent publication which gives the portraits of some five hundred members of the present Parliament shows that only twenty-six out of that number are bald. Truly a remarkable result. All this is in curious contrast to the House in the late Victorian era, when the balder a man was the more successful he seemed to be in politics. It has to be borne in mind, however, that statesmen of that period lived in what may be called

THE PRE-“TATCHO” ERA

and were not yet provided with a remedy against loss of hair. As the hair grower which Mr. Geo. R. Sims has now given to the world is recognised as an indispensable adjunct to the toilet table, the day is probably not far distant when a bald head will be a comparatively rare sight. Certainly no more encouraging and certain proof of the efficacy of "Tatcho" could be cited than is demonstrated in the House of Commons itself.

WHAT MR. GEO. R. SIMS SAYS

"When I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho,' I found that I had hit upon **A Remedy Capable of Working Wonders,**" said Mr.

FOR
YOUR
HAIR



A friction with "Tatcho" before the morning brush bids defiance to baldness.

G. R. Sims to the Editor of the London *Daily Mail*, "Look at my hair now. In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous.

"In consequence I said to myself, Why should this thing go on ? If the public wants my hair restorer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article within reach of all."

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

TATCHO COUPON

Provided this coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one large trial bottle of Mr. George R. Sims' Hair Renewer, "Tatcho," 4s. 6d. size, for the sum of 1s. 10d. post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for unlimited puffing by advertisement.

*Mr. Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.*

Tatcho

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER

CURE THE DRUNKARD

With or without their knowledge, by a simple and inexpensive Home Method, which can be administered in Tea, Coffee, or Food.

If you have anyone dear to you afflicted by the terrible drink habit, this remarkable drink cure will more than interest you. We will give you positive proof of the wonderful cures effected by this remedy; in fact, we not only tell you, but give an opportunity of testing it free of charge. Even with the trial package we have heard of many who have received benefit; it can be used without fear of detection, and is quite tasteless, and has cured hundreds of cases without the patient's knowledge. A London testimonial, No. 1325, says, "I am happy to be able to tell you now that I can assure you that a cure has been effected by the use of your powder, and that the patient is now entirely cured. Since he commenced taking the powders, up to the present time he has had no desire for intoxicants. I am very grateful to you for your help, and will do all I can on your behalf, and will endeavour to get others to try your wonderful and sure remedy." [This testimonial, and hundreds of others, can be seen at our offices.]

FREE

It now rests with you. Write to-day for a free trial, enclosing stamp for postage, and

test it for yourself. We will send a free trial, instructions, booklets, and testimonials to all who write to-day. Do it now, to-morrow will bring the remedy. Correspondence strictly confidential.

THE WARD CHEMICAL CO., 597, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W.



SUFFERERS AND WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT "URICURA"

Drops 1/1½, & Liniment 1/1½ & 2/9. THE FINEST CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, COUT, ETC.

ELIMINATES THE CAUSE—EFFECTS THE CURE.

I am pleased to inform you I have derived great benefit from the use of your Liniment and Drops. Since I had my first attack of Rheumatic Fever fifteen months ago I have tried many forms of treatment, both in this country and abroad, but although I have only been using your remedies for a fortnight, they have done me more good than any other cure to which I have had recourse.—Yours truly,

T. VIVIAN-KEEES.

I have tried your Liniment, and find it an invaluable Remedy. I have suffered from Rheumatism in my shoulders for about 12 years and it has quite cured me. I can strongly recommend it.—Yours faithfully,

HERBERT OSBORNE.

WILL CURE WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE HAS FAILED.

Of Boots, Ltd., and all Chemists, or post free,
HAMMOND'S REMEDY CO., BARRY, GLAMORGAN.

NO NEED TO SAY ANY MORE—GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL.

Complete Outfits for the HOME

in Five Beautiful Colours, Tools,
Boards, &c., &c.

A "Christmas Box" you will never
regret having purchased.

The Builder Box.

With Brickmaking Apparatus, Trowel,
Tile Cutters, Roller, Tools, &c., &c.
Post free, 5/6.

The Complete Modeller.

A most Popular Box. Ready for instant
use. No Dirt or Mess. Clean and
Ever Plastic. Post free, 2/10.

Just ask the youngsters if they
would like a Box of Harbutt's
Plasticine.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A.,
27, Bathampton, Bath.



In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER

Press Opinion on the **NEW DAIMLER ENGINE**

WHAT MR. MASSAC BUIST THINKS
ABOUT THE NEW DAIMLER ENGINE

Extract from "Morning Post."

"The Daimler Company is in the enviable position of having taken in hand, simplified, and developed to a sound commercial proposition, of hitherto totally unexpected merits, an idea emanating from the brain of Mr. Chas. Y. Knight, an American engineering amateur, and which, in its now perfected state, has been endorsed by the leading manufacturers to the extent indicated. . . . Thus we have a motor that is absolutely positive . . . there is nothing to adjust, therefore nothing to get out of order . . . its flexibility being a revelation even in the light of six-cylinder experience . . . its powers of quickly picking up are nothing short of astonishing. . . . Suffice it that it is obviously an ideal traffic machine, because of its dual capacity of working at low speeds and of instantly responding to a demand for a sudden increase of speed."

*A full description of this engine will
be forwarded upon application to*

**The DAIMLER MOTOR CO. (1904), Ltd.,
COVENTRY.**

BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS

Cure Indigestion

BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS speedily cure ACIDITY, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, IMPURE BREATH, INDIGESTION, DIARRHEA, etc.

Prevents many an illness!

Mighty recommended by the Medical Profession.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Biscuits, 1/-, 2/-, and 4/- per bottle.
4/- per tin. Powder, 2/- and 4/- per bottle.
Lozenges, 1/- 1/- tin.

FITS CURED

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd.,
303, South Frederick Street, Dublin.

**OLD
ARTIFICIAL
TEETH BOUGHT.**

The well-known London Manufacturing Dentists, Messrs. BROWNING, give the very best value; if forwarded by post utmost value per return, or offer made, 63, Oxford Street (opposite Rathbone Place), London, W. *Est. 100 Years.*

Which? YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH.

Will you have a
NASTY HEADACHE
or a

**Dr. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING
BOTTLE?**

Which cures HEADACHE, COLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRH, DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS. OF ALL CHEMISTS, price ONE SHILLING, or direct, 14 stamps in the United Kingdom.

TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

(Broncho-Laryngeal).

For CHEST, THROAT, and VOICE.
A Boon for Asthma, Cough, Catarrh.

Invaluable to Speakers, Singers, and Teachers.
CARDINAL VAUGHAN wrote: "I have always found Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles of great service."

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Chest, and Voice, and recommends her friends to use them."

SIR HENRY IRVING wrote: "Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles are excellent for the Voice."

Sold only in boxes, 1/- and 2/6, by Chemists and Stores, or posted from

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS DEPOT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



R.P.
writes:
You
know
details
of
one's life
very
accurately."

The Committee
writes:
You
have been
such a help to me,
I shall never regret
consulting you."

Rub some stove
black or ink on the
thumbs, press
them on paper;
send with birth
date and name
of known, a P.O.
for 1/- for cost of
chart, etc., to be sent
you, and stamped envelope.

I will send you a **Reading**
chart, to advertise **FREE**
my success.

Delays are Dangerous. Write at once.

PROF. Z. T. ZAZRA,
90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

A PROFESSIONAL MAN WRITES:

YOU ASTONISH AND HELP

PUTLERY

Manufacturers' catalogue free. A complete range of Cutlery, Glass, China, and Plate, and goods for Presents—a valuable guide to the Sheffield Cutlery industries, which connects the buyer with the Factory. Our Great Speciality: The "Enterprise" Patent Improved Sheffield Table Cutlery for 25/- Ask for Catalogue. You save enormously.

J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., SHEFFIELD

NOSES AND EARS.

Noses.—The only patent Nose Machine in the world. Improves ugly noses of all kinds. Scientific yet simple. Can be worn during sleep. Send 1/- postage free for full particulars.

Red Noses. My long-established medically approved Treatment absolutely cures red noses. 3/- post free. Foreign 1/- extra.

Ugly Ears. My Patent Rubber Ear Caps remedy nicely ugly ears. Hundreds of successful cases. 7/- post free. Foreign 1/- extra.

P. LEES RAY, 10E, Central Chambers, Liverpool.





ZOX

CURES
NEURALGIA,

even the most violent attack, in a few minutes. It is perfectly safe, too, being certified as free from any injurious substance. The next time you have an attack of Neuralgia, Headache, or Toothache, try ZOX. You can do so at our expense.

FREE. On receipt of stamped addressed envelope we will send two ZOX powders free. Mention **The QUIVER**, of Chemists, Stores, &c. 1/- or 2/- box; post free. **THE ZOX CO.,** 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER

Beauty's Guardian.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is a wonderful face-cream, possessing the unique gift of detecting danger to Beauty even when concealed beneath a smooth, white surface. Children's and healthy skins, even the most delicate, absorb it readily, and immediately respond with increased freshness and beauty—if there be any slight irritation or dryness when first used, it is a sure sign of its urgent need; the momentary inconvenience is amply compensated by the gradual return of lasting beauty, due to the wonderful Icilma action on the natural energy of the skin.



Icilma Fluor Cream

is the only safe face-cream—snowy, fragrant, harmless, and economical—contains no grease—cannot grow hair—it removes chaps, redness and roughness, and never fails to restore "tone" and life to the skin.

Price 1/- everywhere. Sample 2d. from

ICILMA CO., LTD.,

(Dept. 72), 14a, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

WINCARNIS THE WINE TONIC For Health and Strength

To Rectify Anaemia. Nine-tenths of the sickness and general weakness in young girls arises from a poor condition of the blood and is best corrected by "Wincarnis."

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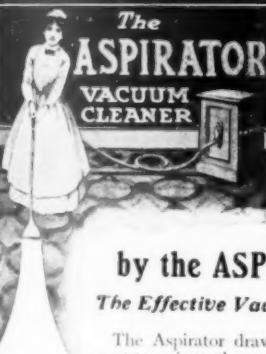
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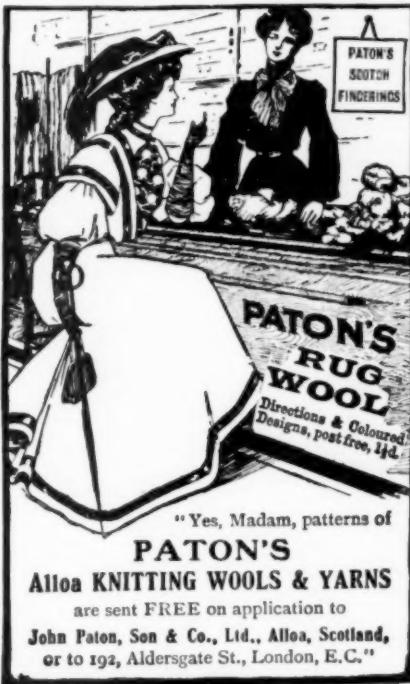
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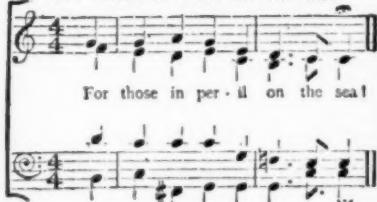
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Sailor, Fisherman, &c., are instantly cared for on the spot and sent home; the Widow, Orphan, &c., of the drowned are immediately sought out and succoured; and all **MARINERS** are encouraged to exercise thrift by becoming beneficiary Members of the **SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN AND MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY**. Over Half-a-Million Persons Relieved since the foundation of the **SOCIETY** in 1839.

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2,000 Children treated as Out-Patients Annually

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Contributions earnestly solicited
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Cheques and Money Orders payable: "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," crossed same way, and addressed to The Honorary Director, Wm. Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., at the Head Offices:—

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Shaving
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The
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Safety Razor

The phenomenal success of the "Clemak," with its original Link-Action and Automatic Adjustment, again proves the superiority of British workmanship.

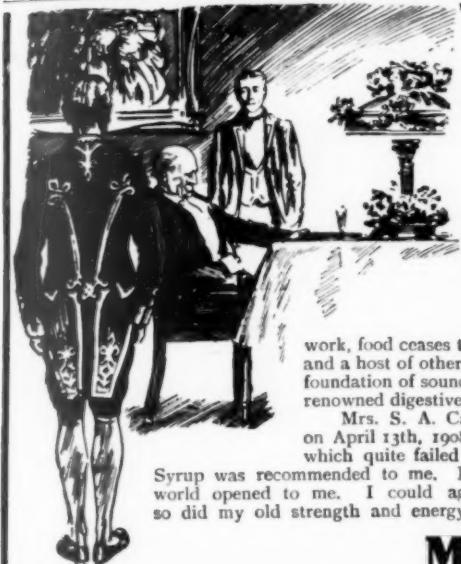
Write at once for Illustrated Booklet, or ask your dealer to show you a "Clemak."

Clemak Razor and Seven Blades	5/-
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Standard Outfit with Strop	- 10/6

Of all Ironmongers, Stores and Cutlers, or post free from

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WHAT ARE MILLIONS TO THE MAN WHO IS ILL?

Only a bitter mockery. The world is full of delights in which he cannot share. He can buy them, but not enjoy them, and is poor despite his millions. This is specially true of the dyspeptic—the man who cannot digest his food. When the stomach ceases to effectually perform its natural work, food ceases to nourish and causes pain, heartburn, wind, acidity, and a host of other troubles which spoil life. Perfect digestion is the foundation of sound health, and that is assured by the use of the world-renowned digestive tonic and stomachic remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Mrs. S. A. Carter, of Welbeck Street, Castleford, Yorks, writes on April 13th, 1908: "I lost much time and money upon medicines which quite failed to cure me of indigestion before Mother Seigel's

Syrup was recommended to me. But soon after I began to take that remedy a new world opened to me. I could again breathe freely, my appetite returned, and so did my old strength and energy."

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

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A Triple Endorsement

March 5th, 1908. Olympia, London.

The International Typewriting Championship won on a Royal Bar-Lock.

October 12th, 1908.

The American Typewriter Trust, after claiming for 20 years that writing in sight was unnecessary—bring out belated "Visible Writing" Models,

All they have new in mechanism is untried and experimental. All they claim new in ideas is Bar-Lock ancient history. The Bar-Lock set the fashion to the Typewriter world 20 years ago, and to-day still leads.

The important fact to remember is that the Bar-Lock Inventor was first in the field—he could and did select the best mechanical methods for accomplishing the desired result in the simplest way; all others have had to Twist and Turn, and Squirm, and Manceuvre to keep clear of the Bar-Lock Patents.

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'Grand Prix' TO 'Bar-Lock'

Write for "THE EVOLUTION OF A TYPEWRITER" to

HIS MAJESTY'S TYPEWRITER MAKERS, 12 & 14, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

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The Remainder of Their Days.

500 Incurables !! There is no hope to cheer them; they know their doom—to suffer and to die. Some of them will pass away soon—some of them will linger, perhaps for years, in pain and weariness.

They were once hardworking men and women of the middle classes, who have spent their earnings and savings in fighting incurable disease, and in seeking remedies which availed nothing. They are now Inmates or Pensioners of the BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, Crown Lane, Streatham, S.W., and the urgency of their great need is a pathetic plea for your generous financial help. Will you please give this? Legacies are earnestly solicited.

EDGAR PENMAN, Secretary.

Offices: 72, Cheapside, London, E.C.

The Editor of "The Quiver" desires to commend the work of this Institution, and will gladly receive and acknowledge any donations or subscriptions sent in its aid.

*In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER
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The Quiver, January, 1909.

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From Photo by HORACE W. NICHOLLS.

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TUROG

the Best Brown Bread

TUROG Bread is best for you—Doctors and Scientists say so. But be sure it is TUROG, for by a special process of preparation all the nourishment of the wheat is retained in TUROG Flour. It is light in crumb, cuts without crumbling and keeps fresh for days.

Of bakers everywhere.

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The population of Canada is now about 6,500,000.

The average height of the Laplander is under 5 ft.

The average number of Alpine accidents has trebled in fifteen years.

It is estimated that 115,000,000 people speak the English language.

Only blind beggars are allowed to solicit alms in the streets of Madrid.

The skins of 100,000 animals are used every year for the covers of Oxford Bibles.

In some of the largest cities of India there are occasionally seen carpets made of tanned elephant-hides. They wear for at least fifty years.

The largest churches in Europe will contain the following numbers:—St. Peter's, Rome, 54,000; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000.

A flowering plant has not, so far, been discovered within the Antarctic circle.

Norwegian cattle are, at times, fed on powdered whale meat for fattening purposes.

The florists of Japan have successfully cultivated a rose which is red in the sunlight and white in the shade.

The X-rays are now used by the fishermen on the coast of Ceylon for distinguishing the oysters containing pearls without opening the shells.

India-ink is made from burned camphor. The Chinese are the only makers of this ink, and they will not reveal the secret of its manufacture.

The leaf of the Mexican pineapple tree is very valuable, inasmuch as it furnishes a fibre of such strength and fineness that it can be made into rope, twine, thread, mats, bagging, hammocks, and paper. A fabric almost as fine and beautiful as silk is made from it too.

**BILLIARDS
AT HOME.**

There is no home amusement that can compare with Billiards. With its endless combination of positions and strokes it never palls—never becomes wearisome.

Played on **Riley's Miniature Tables** the game is just as correct as on standard tables, because the tables are built in exact proportions.

The tables can be placed in a moment on any dining table, or supplied as combined dining and billiard table. Prices are astonishingly low. Send for our catalogues.

Cash or Easy Payments.
On receipt of postcard, full-sized illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized tables and cuntries.

FREE.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Perfection Mills, Accrington.
London Showrooms: 167, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

INDIGESTION

is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WHELTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. ASK FOR

WHELTON'S PURIFYING PILLS,

And remember there is NO FILL "JUST as GOOD."
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S
WORLD-RENNED
"Glycerine & Honey Jelly."

TRADE MARK

"Glymiele"
Jelly.

FOR CHAPS, ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, ETC.
Invaluable at all Seasons of the Year. It softens and improves the HANDS, FACE, and SKIN after exposure to WIND and COLD.

4 YEARS INCREASING DEMAND.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Metallic Tubes, 1d., 1s. & 1s. 6d., or sent postage free for stamps by Proprietors.

OSBORNE, BAUER, & CHEESEMAN,
PERFUMERS TO HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,
19, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W.

REYNOLDS

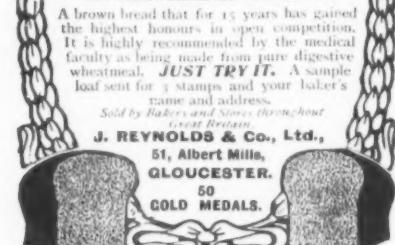
WHEATMEAL BREAD.

A brown bread that for 15 years has gained the highest honours in open competition. It is highly recommended by the medical faculty as being made from pure digestive wheatmeal. **JUST TRY IT.** A sample loaf sent for 3 stamps and your baker's name and address.

Sold by Bakers and Stores throughout Great Britain.

J. REYNOLDS & Co., Ltd.,
51, Albert Mills,
GLOUCESTER.

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GOLD MEDALS.



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Delicious,
Nutritious,
Wholesome
and Pure.

In Fancy Boxes and Dainty
Packages in great variety.

Genuine Chocolate of the
Highest Quality, made
under ideal conditions at
the well-known "Factory
in a Garden" at

Bournville.

A Really
Nutritious
Sweetmeat
of Exquisite
Flavour.



The name CADBURY on any Packet of
Cocoa or Chocolate is a Guarantee of Purity

**Cabin Presented by
Her Late Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA
TO THE
ROYAL SAILORS' REST, DEVONPORT.**



200 CABINS wanted for the New Buildings at Portsmouth.

Also **BRICKS** for the New Buildings.

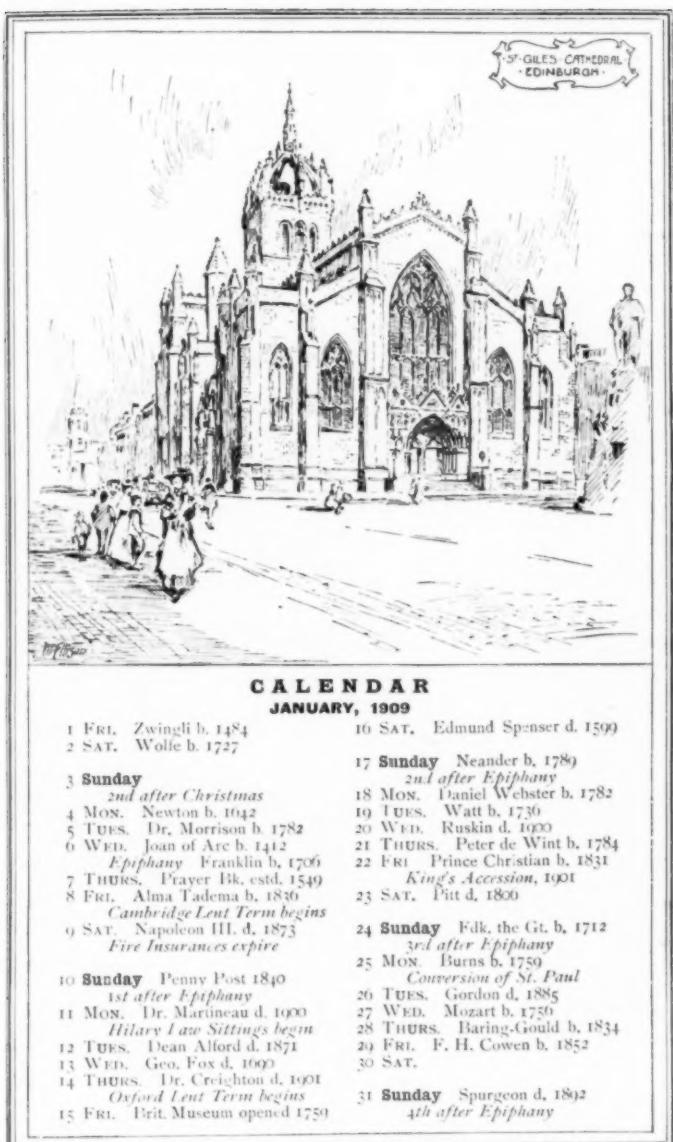
163,847 Seamen and Marines slept in the Royal Sailors' Rest last year.

Will you help **MISS WESTON** to enlarge and carry on her work? Established for 30 years. Vested in Trustees. Any gifts, large or small, gratefully received by **MISS WESTON**.

Thirty Guineas Endows a Cabin.

Address: MISS WESTON, ROYAL SAILORS' REST, PORTSMOUTH.

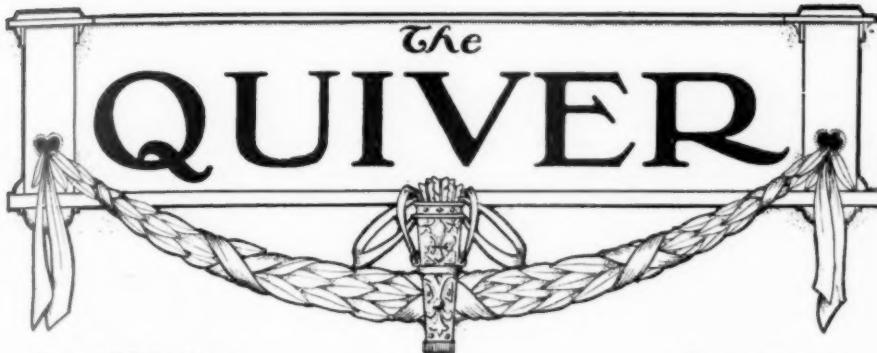
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(Photo: Horace W. Nichols.)

THE VISIT OF SANTA CLAUS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



VOL. XLIV., No. 2

JANUARY, 1909

George Tinworth's Latest Work

A TALK ABOUT THE ARTIST'S ALLEGORIES

By A. B. COOPER

Photographs specially taken for this article by MESSRS. DOULTON

SINCERITY is the touchstone of the Art which endures. The religious feeling which dominated the old Italian Masters and caused them to look on themselves as craftsmen of Christ, is largely responsible for their triumph over crudeness of conception, hopeless anachronisms, and the most ridiculous juxtapositions of persons and events. Fra Angelico was wont to say that the practice of Art required repose and holy thoughts, and that he who would depict the acts of Christ must learn to live with Christ. Thus, just as holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, so did these old Masters, according to their light, use their gifts, in many ways supreme, in obedience to the divine impulse.

It is this absolute sincerity—a sincerity which in its simplicity often amounts to *naïveté*—which sets George Tinworth in the line of Fra Angelico, Albrecht Dürer, William Blake, and Jean François Millet. He is a natural artist. He seeks to express the thing that is within him. He makes his own conventions, and imitates no one. He is thus truly original, and within his limits inimitable. His almost unfailing beauty of composition, his deep religious sensibility, his unerring

truthfulness to the spirit of his subject, even when his conception of its details differs the most widely from preconceived popular notions, his rare quality of making every detail subserve the main object he has in his mind and heart, give him a place which is independent of the fashion or fancy of the time. His fame is secure.

Though it is true that a stream cannot rise above the spring, yet genius is always greater than personality, and George Tinworth, humble-minded, simple, a man of the people, would be the first to acknowledge that his gift was from above, and to admit that it is one of the standing wonders of the day that out of the hands of a simple, uneducated potter, a man who laboured as a wheelwright until he reached maturity, should have come works which have been found abundantly worthy to adorn majestic fanes such as York Minster and Truro Cathedral.

Was not Bunyan a tinker? Yet did he not dream dreams and see visions which by the unpretending artifice of words have reached the universal heart? The same clarity of spiritual vision, the same direct simplicity of purpose and instinctive feeling for fitness, the same quaintness of original conception and inherent power to give the spectator

to see what he sees, believe what he believes, and catch a vision of something beyond and above, characterise George Tinworth and make him a great allegorist in clay.

Indeed, Tinworth belongs in spirit much less to the twentieth than to the seventeenth century. While he worked with his tools and talked to me, I thought not only of Bunyan, but also of Fuller and George Herbert, of Jeremy Taylor and Quarles. Picking up an unfinished panel, inscribed in crude characters which remind one of runic inscriptions on clay delved from some ancient site of the Goths, "Balaam Going to Meet Balak, the Son of Zippor, King of the Moabites," the artist said, with the simple earnestness which is characteristic of him: "God meets men in different ways, and if our hearts are set upon Him, and we are in our providential path, He will suit His method to our knowledge. He led the Wise Men by a star, but He gave the simple shepherds a song. Balaam knew all the sciences, yet he could not see the angel, though his donkey could." Might not Thomas Fuller have said that? "The people are always looking for a sign," he said again. "It was one of the suggestions Satan made to our Saviour when He was tempted in the wilderness. But people soon forget signs. 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets,' said Christ, 'neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.' It was the same with the prophet in the cave. Thunder, lightning, wind and earthquake failed to reveal anything to him, but the still small voice prevailed."

Such sayings are revealing. They give some slight clue to the source of power in the man. In one of his panels he represents the host of Israel standing on the farther side of the Red Sea, mute and awe-stricken. He calls it "The Time to Keep Silence." When I expressed my wonder that he should thus conceive the scene, he said, "It is a fancy of mine to put a New Testament meaning and sentiment into Old Testament incidents. I think the song came later. If it did not, it ought to have done. That was a time for silence, because the enemy had fallen, overwhelmed by the returning waters; and to rejoice over a fallen enemy is unchristian."

His work is full of strange conceits, quite in the seventeenth-century manner, and this is nowhere better exemplified than in the odd texts with which he is apt to strew his panels.

"A clergyman who visited me in my workshop," he said to me, "was much struck with a pulpit in Doulton ware which I had designed and decorated. On one of the doors I had modelled a



(From an oil painting by himself.)

GEORGE TINWORTH.

Until manhood Tinworth laboured as a wheelwright. His panels adorn York Minster and Truro Cathedral.

bird's nest, and under it had written, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.' He asked me why I had put that on a pulpit. 'It is for the bishops and canons to see,' I said, 'when they go into the pulpit in their fine robes.' Years afterwards he came again and reminded me of it. Since I had seen him last he had risen from being a simple clergyman to be Archbishop of Canterbury. It was Dr. Benson."

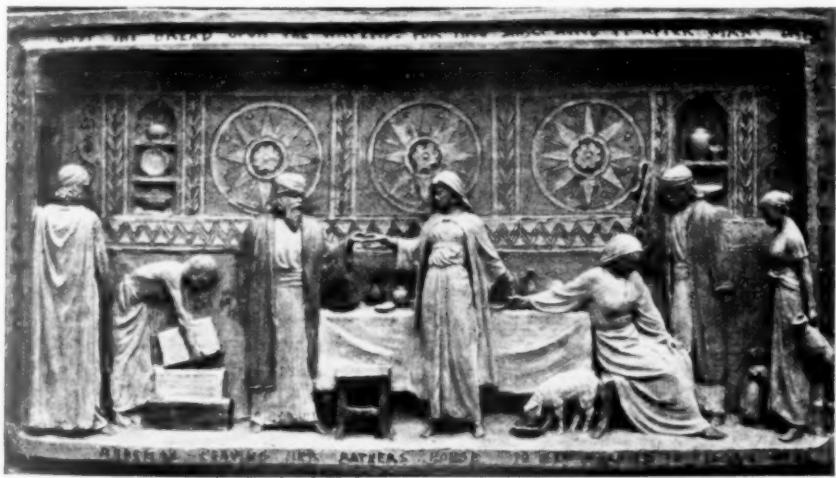
On a panel depicting the scene of the Resurrection the artist has inscribed



CHRIST SHOWING HIS HANDS AND FEET TO HIS DISCIPLES.

the text from the Song of Songs : " The winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth." Yes, there are " lots of people who know nothing," but he would be a dolt indeed who could not see the inwardness of that. On the margin of a panel, here reproduced,

entitled " Rebekah Leaving her Father's House to get Married to Isaac," he has written, " Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days." He sees in this pathetic parting the promise of the ages, the flowers of joy which spring from the deep dark soil



REBEKAH LEAVING HER FATHER'S HOUSE TO GET MARRIED TO ISAAC.

Tinworth sees in this pathetic parting the promise of the ages, the flowers of joy which spring from the deep dark soil of sorrow.

of sorrow, of the crown which consummates the cross, the white robe which is put on those who have come out of great tribulation.

At my request the artist gave me a detailed description of his aim and intention, and an explanation of the details of his truly splendid panel, now reproduced for the first time, entitled "The Entry of the Apostle Paul into Rome." He said, "The apostle is meeting and greeting the Christians along the road called the Appian Way. It was the custom of the Romans, a people for whom I have great respect because of their many noble qualities, to honour distinguished prisoners by taking them to Rome in a four-wheeled chariot. I have inscribed upon it, 'I persecuted the church of God, and wasted it,' and again, 'But I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly.' In the chariot behind St. Paul is seen the Roman soldier to whom the captive apostle is chained. On the left and in front of the chariot are other male and female prisoners, of lower degree, also being taken into Rome. On the extreme left of the panel I have placed the statue of Mercury, the god of strangers and of shepherds; hence a shepherd is seen kneeling at the base, having brought to his deity an offering of a dead lamb. I have put a harp on the pedestal because Mercury was supposed to be the inventor

of that instrument. Below I have set the god in the scales, and have written the word 'Tekel.' The gods of the Romans having been found wanting, Paul has come to proclaim the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. In the background I have depicted Roman temples and a Roman funeral procession, the dead body being borne upon a bier, relatives following, and wailing women and trumpeters going before. The portrait of the Emperor Nero, to whom St. Paul appealed, is shown in a medallion on the right, and below is a picture of myself as a boy of fifteen, carving in the wheelwright's shop belonging to my father."

This description reveals an attention to detail which is always characteristic of great art. Tinworth has been a man of one Book, and that Book the greatest of all books. It was the only Book his mother read, but she read it thoroughly, and taught her son to do the same.

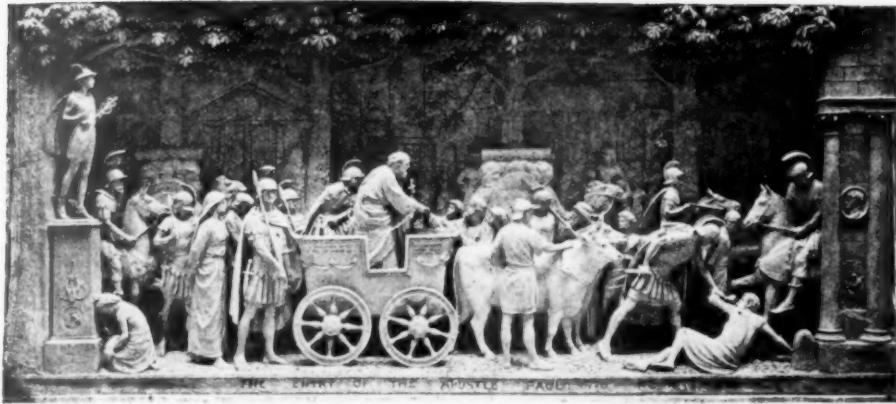
Even to-day, if he reads other books, they are such as illustrate and illuminate the Word. It is thus that he has become a man of one idea, but that a great one. He is essentially an interpreter as well as an illustrator of the Bible; and, like Burns when he left his native Doric and essayed to write classical English, he fails comparatively when he strays from his true sphere. His knowledge of the



A TIME TO DIE.

Tinworth's conception of Samson bound by chains, which accords with the most recent Biblical research.

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THE ENTRY OF THE APOSTLE PAUL INTO ROME.

The figure at the bottom right-hand corner, below the medallion, is that of George Tinworth as a boy carving in his father's shop.

Book is so profound, so completely is he steeped in its imagery, its story, its spirit, that he is able to illuminate it with many a suggestive touch that would do credit to a professor of exegesis. It is as though he had been a spectator of every scene he depicts.

Nothing is more remarkable than the touches of humour he introduces even into the most solemn scenes, and the insight into human nature he displays

in the byplay which enters into the composition of many of his best works. Thus in one of his panels, "Waiting for the Head of John the Baptist," he forces home the lesson of the thoughtless triviality which so often attends the most tragical and far-reaching of human events by depicting a monkey lifting the lid of a jar and slyly peeping in. In another panel, the soldier who is plaiting the crown of thorns has pricked



BALAAK GOING TO MEET BALAK.

"Balaam knew all the sciences," says Tinworth, "yet he could not see the angel, though his donkey could."

his finger and is sucking it. In his panel of the Deluge he shows a miser with futile greed holding his money-bags as high out of the water as possible. In "Christ before Herod" he shows the attendants acting as train-bearers of Christ's robe, to indicate their mockery of His preposterous claim to Kingship.

Yet even when he turns aside to show three brawny soldiers throwing their dice on a shield under the very feet of the crucified Son of God; or children cutting open the fish which had yielded the tribute money in order to see if there is another coin left inside; or a little fellow gingerly and disgustedly carrying away the swine-stained coat of the Prodigal who is to receive in its place "the best robe"; or the vine-dressers looking over the vineyard wall, where the angel met Balaam, and jeering at the stupid ass and his angry master—I say, whatsoever accessories and quaint conceits he introduces, with consummate art he makes each subserve the main idea

and draw the eyes inevitably to the central figure.

With the exception of the two great panels, "Christ's Kingdom" and "The Entry of the Apostle Paul into Rome," all the works which illustrate this article are still under the tool of the artist. They are photographed straight from the clay, and bear the marks of the artist's hand.

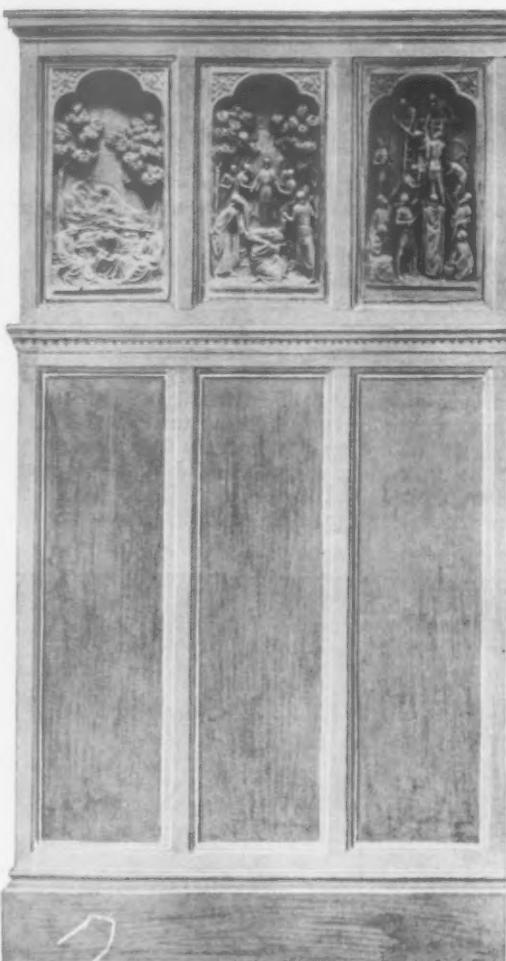
"I seldom do any preparatory drawing," he said to me, "but usually go straight to the clay at once. I find it much more satisfactory. I write down my thoughts in clay, and it responds to the impulse of the moment."

But there is knowledge behind the impulse. Take the unfinished panel entitled "A Time to Die," which shows Samson "with gyves upon his wrists":

"With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support."

Here we have a conception of the incident which not only satisfies the imagination, but also the reason. It is, indeed, in accordance with the most recent Biblical research.

Tinworth's



WAINSCOT PANELLING TO INCLUDE A SERIES OF PANELS BY
GEORGE TINWORTH.

The left-hand panel represents Gethsemane; the centre panel Peter's attack on the servant of the High Priest; and the right-hand panel the Descent from the Cross.



CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

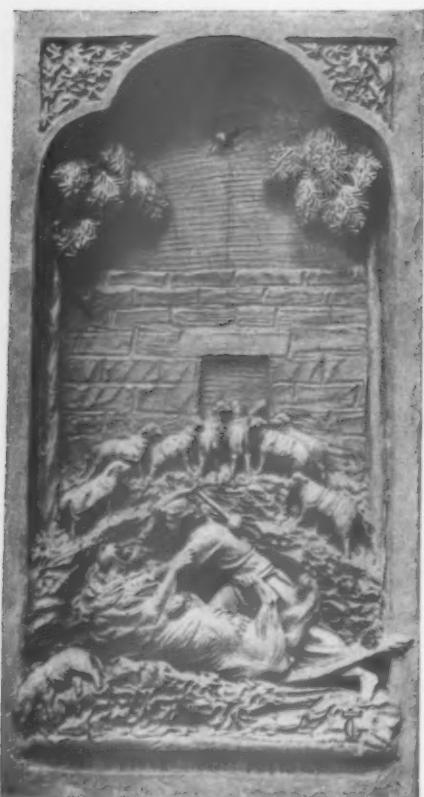
Tinworth is never happier than when he is depicting the Saviour associating with little children.

panels are more remarkable for their repose than for their action. They give one the impression of imperturbability. But when his subject admits or demands it he can be amazingly virile and masterful. The vigour of some of his compositions is extraordinary. A good example of this quality is seen in the rough, unfinished panel representing David slaying the lion, which the artist entitles "A Time to Kill." This beautiful youth adequately realises for us our dim, unformed conception of that kingly shepherd who said to Saul : "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion . . . and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him; . . . and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him."

Yet we turn with a sigh of restfulness to the reposeful pictures. Take the beautiful unfinished panel representing Jesus showing His hands and feet to His disciples in the upper room. It is in the rough—just a lump of brown clay. But the hand of a master has been upon it, and out of that dull earth he has shapen living, breathing, adoring men, the Divine Man in the centre, with pierced hands and feet, and saying : "Peace be unto you: as My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."

In the sketch for a wainscot panelling

which would be, surely, a magnificent and highly educative decoration, especially for schools, where young people would grow up within sight of the Scriptural subjects which adorn it, there are beautifully contrasted these qualities of reposefulness and vigour of treatment. The left-hand panel represents Gethsemane, and it is mainly characterised by beauty of composition. There is a rare poetry, worthy of the Pre-Raphaelites, in the veiled forms prostrate on the slopes of the Garden —Jesus resting His head on His arms, His face bent earthward, and the bending angel whispering words of consolation into His ear, while the disciples in the foreground sleep the sleep of weariness and of unprophetic ignorance. But the Descent from the Cross is worthy of Rubens. It is at once sculpturesque, beautifully balanced, and vigorous to a degree. In the centre panel we see the two qualities in conjunction—the serene Saviour in the background, with the traitor by His side, and in the foreground the militant Peter, who has seized the servant of the High Priest by the hair of his head and has cut off his ear. Tinworth's quaint sincerity is also shown here, for the wounded man, with a very wry face, is pressing his hand over the spot which his ear had so recently occupied, while Peter is looking towards his Master as though doubtful



A TIME TO KILL.

David the shepherd boy slaying the lion.

whether this drastic action would meet with His approval.

But when all is said, Tinworth is never happier than when he is depicting the Saviour associated with little children, with lambs, with "all things bright and beautiful," in anticipation of that glorious time to which sage and prophet have looked forward since the dawn of history, when men shall cease to do evil and learn to do well;

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furl'd,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world";

when the law of Christ, ruling in the

hearts of men, shall make human laws unnecessary.

Then Christ's Kingdom will indeed have come. And anyone who helps to hasten its coming by the setting forth of a noble thought, be it in stately rhyme or Parian marble, in noble prose or common clay, is not only an artist, but a "worker together with God."

"Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honour or with shame
These vessels made of clay."



A TIME TO LOSE.

Lot and his family leaving the cities of the plain.

Mr. Ransome's Great Idea

A Complete Story

By DAVID LYALL

ANDREW RANSOME, linendraper in the village of Orwell Dykes, suddenly conceived a great idea.

He had lived his forty-seven years of life in that decent monotony which is the hallmark of respectability. But while his body had acquiesced in the dull order of things, his soul had rebelled secretly. It had even, on occasion, soared to heights undreamed of by the clods who visited his shop for the purchase of pennyworths of tape, and yards of red and white flannel, or coarse yarn for ploughmen's stockings to be knitted by the peat fires in remote farmhouses on long winter evenings.

Andrew's great idea came to him in the night-time in the middle of the week, and he awoke after troubled slumber to remember that it was market morning, and that he might look forward to what he called his busy day. There was a sort of feverish haste about his movements that day which had never been known to characterise them before. He took down the shutters half an hour earlier than usual, and, with his usual entire absence of original design or artistic conception, proceeded to dress his windows. He polished carefully the window-panes, and wiped the dust from the sloping board upon which to display the goods; then he proceeded, with unprecedented extravagance, to cut off the faded ends of flannel and dress goods which had suffered by exposure to the sun. The great idea had perhaps made him reckless. Then he arranged in cunning corners the fancy buttons, the cheap lace, and the tartan ribbons that were to beguile the thrifty housewives from the remoter uplands to part with their hard-earned coin.

He had not long to wait for custom; he had scarcely put the finishing touches to his labours when the sweet tinkling bell announced a customer. The first person who paid handsel to the great idea was an urchin from "The Wheatsheaf" inn, who merely wanted change for a shilling, and did not get it, being ordered out with some gruffness by Andrew Ransome. It was

eleven o'clock in the day, and the market carts and farmers' gigs had begun to congregate in front of "The Wheatsheaf" before Andrew had another customer, by which hour the great idea had nearly consumed him. Enter Mrs. Thomas Leggat then, from Mains of Tillymet, upon whom Ransome visibly beamed. For not only was she insatiable for news, but she was the woman who would spread it from one end of the Dykes to the other, and as far beyond it as her tongue could reach. She was a small, weary-faced woman, with a thin mouth and extraordinarily sharp black eyes, which twinkled, though not with fun, when she fixed them on your face.

"I want some flannel, Andrew," she said, familiarly. "An' the last ye selt me was rubbitch. If ye havna onything better, I'll step across to Mary Gillie's. She's honest, onwyay. You're no just wi' greed."

This accusation was unfair, because Ransome was not a hard man, nor even keen in business, which was the reason he had not made as much money as he might. Mrs. Leggat adopted this policy for the sole purpose of beating down the price, in which art she was a past-mistress. But her own butter and eggs she carried always to the dearest market, where she would not abate a halfpenny of her fixed value.

Ransome continued to beam as he lifted two heavy bales of flannel and plumped them down on the counter, so that a small cloud of fluff was scattered in the direction of Mrs. Leggat. She sniffed, and waved her hand to keep it off.

"I've on my best blacks, Andrew; dinna you forget it. Less dust, if ye please. You're surely gettin' weak if ye canna pit twa webs o' flannel peaccably on the counter."

"It's excitement, Mrs. Leggat," he replied, confidentially, while his small watery eyes twinkled. "I've had news."

"Aye, Andrew; what kind of news?"

Her eyes twinkled, too, with the fire of a consuming curiosity, while she leaned her

arm on the counter and covered him with her glance.

"Good news, Mrs. Leggat; at least"—he added with a sort of decent soberness—"it's tempered. I've had word frae Australia about my uncle, James Ransome."

"I mind him," she said quickly. "A bad ha'penny."

"He had a touch of genius, Mrs. Leggat, and genius canna be bound by the ordinary laws of society. How many yards did you say?"

"I havna said yet. Let me see the quality."

She passed the flannel between her finger and thumb, while her eyes examined it critically.

"It's puir—gie me five yairds, and ten-pence ha'penny's the maist I'll pay. It's dear at that. Mary Gillie wad gie me a better at ninepence."

"Go to Mary Gillie, then, my good lady," said Andrew Ransome, tranquilly. "It makes no difference to me now whether I sell five yards or—or none."

"Cut off my five yairds, an' dinna blether, Andrew Ransome. What aboot your Uncle James Ransome? Is he deid?"

"Yes."

"Where, and what o', and hoo muckle has he left?"

"You want a good deal for your money; but you always did, Mrs. Leggat," observed Ransome, with a sly smile. "My uncle died in the usual way, I believe; the actual disease was pneumonia, contracted in the swamp near his house. They had a flood in the rainy season, and he was not sufficiently careful."

"Maybe he had naebody to mak' a poultice for him. Only blacks oot there, aren't they?"

"I don't think there are any blacks. My uncle was in the town of Perth, Western Australia, where they are all white folk, mostly Scotch, as ye find them, like the corbies, wherever there's ony spoil."

"Has he left onything to you, Andrew?"

"Yes, I may say that he has left me his little all," replied Ransome, modestly.

"Has he, though, and was it a heap of siller?"

"Fair to middling. Like me, he never married, Mrs. Leggat, and was able to keep what he had."

"Will you be thinking of giein' up busi-

ness, then, Andrew? Maybe noo I should say Maister Ransome."

"I trust my good fortune will not make a fool of me, Mrs. Leggat. I flatter myself I have lived long enough in the world to have proved the deceitfulness of riches."

"There's nae deceitfulness aboot them when they're actually there," she said, grimly. "It's only when folk wi' naething pretends they have something that the deceitfulness comes in. Is it really a fortune then, Maister Ransome, or only a few bawbees?"

"They don't deal in bawbees at the gold diggings, Mrs. Leggat. They count only in gold, and gold quickly makes thousands."

"Aye, it does; and is it thoosands, then?"

Ransome nodded as with great deliberation he measured off five yards of flannel, Mrs. Leggat watching him keenly, to see that she was not cheated of her full measure on each yard.

"Hoo mony? Twa maybe, or three?"

"They don't know; it's an enormous sum. I've only heard from the lawyers, who are busy winding up the estate."

"Is there an estate as weel?" inquired Mrs. Leggat, awe-stricken.

"Estate is a technical term applying to all moneys and possessions; it does not necessarily mean land, Mrs. Leggat."

The fine, long-sounding words duly impressed Mrs. Leggat.

"You'll afford to marry now, Mr. Ransome. Of course, you'll gie up business."

"I haven't got so far as that. I am a plain man, Mrs. Leggat, and I hope I have too much sense to be carried away by sudden good fortune."

"Oh, but it would only be fittin', Maister Ransome. You could tak' a farm if ye liked. It's a fine life, an' not so stuffy as the shop."

"I'm not inclined to the land, except in a general way. Later on I may look at an estate. I should not care for a place where I had to keep my nose at the grind-stone. If I move at all, it will be on a big scale. But I am in no hurry."

"Michty, ye are very humble to hae come into a fortune! There's folk in the Dykes that wad be clean daft if they had even a little bit o' your fortune."

"I have been trained in a hard school, Mrs. Leggat. Good-morning. Can I send



Drawn by Frank Reynolds, R.I.

"'Cut off my five yards, an' dinna blether, Andrew Ransome.'"

this round to 'The Wheatsheaf' for you?"

"No, I'll tak' it. An' ye dinna ken exactly hoo mony thousands it is?" she added in a lowered voice as two more customers came in.

"No, but it cannot be exaggerated," he answered back on the spur of the moment. "It's a great estate, and will take months to wind up."

Mrs. Leggat stalked forth, bursting with excitement over her great news, and within an hour the market was in possession of it.

That day was the day of Andrew Ransome's life. It was astonishing the unlikely persons who swarmed into his shop merely to look at the man who had come into a fortune in Australia.

As very few of them left without buying something, he found himself at the close of the day richer by two pounds than he had been in the morning. He felt himself on the crest of the wave. There was little else talked about at "The Wheatsheaf" bar that day by the market folk, and throughout the Dykes the fortune was the chief topic of conversation. Long before closing time Andrew Ransome was a tired man—literally worn out by the excitement and stress of the day. For this reason, perhaps, he put up the shutters a good hour earlier than usual, and, retiring into his back shop, sat down at the fire, with a prodigious yawn. The great idea had caught on beyond the wildest dream of avarice, and he was no longer a person of no importance in his native parish. During the hours he had parried the questionings of friends and neighbours he had pursued wilder flights of imagination than any found in the pages of romance. And now he was a tired man, glad to sit down behind a locked door, to review the situation, and, more important still, endeavour to shape the future the great idea had so materially altered.

Peace was not long granted to him. The bell at the side door rang timidly, and was immediately followed by a small, persuasive knock. He hesitated a moment, tempted not to answer; but, as the light from a small side window shone into the passage, he could not well pretend he was out or had gone to bed. His expression, however, was ungracious as he rose and shuffled across the passage to the side door.

A woman stood outside bareheaded, with something white about her shoulders. Until she spoke he did not recognise the slight figure. "It's only me, Mary Gillie, Mr. Ransome. Can I come in for a minute and speak to you?"

"Yes, of course," he answered, with relief in his voice. For Miss Gillie was not only entirely inoffensive; there was even something soothing about her presence; and though they were in the same line of business, they had never been rivals in any sense of the word.

He was careful to put the bolt in the door after she had stepped over the threshold, for Dykes folk had a way of entering neighbours' houses unheralded, and he felt himself unable to interview any more.

Mary Gillie stepped into Ransome's sitting-room with a little expectant, half-timid air that was quite pretty. She herself had been pretty once, though now her face was a little worn, her hair faded, and much of the brightness gone from her clear eyes.

"I hardly know how to excuse myself, Mr. Ransome."

"Call me 'Andrew,'" said Ransome, a trifle gruffly. "I couldn't get my tongue round 'Miss Gillie' to save my life. Why should I?"

She laughed a little nervously, and sat down on the extreme edge of the chair he set for her.

"First of all, I must congratulate you. I would have come sooner, but there seemed to be an endless stream. My, what a day you've had!"

"That's true! I'm sick of it, Mary, fell sick. An impudent, prying crowd they are; an' as keen after siller as the corbies after carrion. It would serve them right to play a trick on them, eh?"

She laughed again.

"They mean kindly—at least, mostly," she added, with a modest correction. "I suppose you'll give up business now, Mr. Ransome, and live like a gentleman?"

"I hope I've always done that, or tried to," he answered, grimly. "And supposing I did give up, what would I make of myself? You and I've been too long behind a counter to step out so easily, Mary. Besides, I like it, though I'm not above owning that I would like a change out of the Dykes."

Mary Gillie sighed a little.

"I like the shop, but I cannot make my place in the Wynd pay. I came to-night to say that, if you thought of giving up, would you let me know about the goodwill first? I haven't much money, but if you would be so kind as to wait I could pay off by instalments; and you know I'd be honest, and stint myself, so that you wouldn't be the worse of the bargain."

He looked at her intently, and with an immense pity, at the same time wondering why he had not noticed before how sweet she looked.

"If you cannot make a little place pay, wouldn't the big one worry you into your grave?" he asked in a very gentle voice.

"I don't think so. Bigger things pay."

"Yes, they do," he admitted boldly. "And the longer you stop in the rut the longer you're likely to stop."

She nodded admiringly.

"That's what I feel, and why I'm here. What would you think of asking for the goodwill and stock, supposing you were to give up?"

"I'm not giving up," he said bluntly, "though I may shift."

"But you would still sell the stock? It wouldn't hardly pay you to take it away," she said perplexedly.

"I wouldn't sell it to you, anyway."

"Why?"

There was even a wounded note in her voice, which went to his heart, though he made no sign.

He shifted his chair and finally rose and took a turn across the floor, then stopped in front of her and threw a bomb at her feet.

"There's nae fortune, Mary; there never was a fortune, and never will be. My uncle James Ransome has left me his little farm in Australia. It's hardly worth a dump, for he neglected it for the gold fields that never brought him a brass farthing. But the land's there. If you like, Mary, we'll go out together, and cast a bow at a venture."

She had not the remotest idea what he meant, but, feeling something unusual and

disturbing in the air, rose hurriedly to her feet, as if to leave.

"Now don't get into a ferment! How queer women are; they never can discuss business soberly. It's business I'm after. Will you marry me, Mary? We'll keep very quiet about it, sell out our respective businesses, and set out for Australia together. Even if we never make another penny, I've enough to keep us two in comfort to the end of our lives."

"Andrew Ransome, are you sure you're quite right in your head?" she asked, anxiously.

He laughed loud and long, for there was no rebuke in her sweet, trembling voice.

"Quite right. But has it never struck you, my woman, that you an' me and a lot of the folk here have never lived? I want to see something, to cast a bow at a venture, as I said; but there's nae fun in it unless there's somebody to share it. Come, let's play the Dykes a trick, and gie them something to talk about to the end of their days."

She smiled, and began to move towards the door, though a little unsteadily.

"You cannot go like that, Mary, and I'm not going to take 'No' for my answer. You've got to get me out of this hole, my woman, and I'll make it up to you. My! what a fool I've been, and you across the road all this time!"

Something in the later words awakened her heart, and she turned, and lifted her eyes to his face for the first time since he had made this extraordinary proposition. What Andrew Ransome saw there banished the great idea completely from his mind.

A little later in the year, while they strolled as man and wife on the deck of the great liner that was to bear them to their new home at the other side of the world, he said, keeping a firm grip of the small slim hand that lay so confidently in his, "There are not many men that have two great ideas in one day, Mary. And all the talking in the world will never make me sorry for what I've done."



The Scots Pulpit To-day

By CUTHBERT LENNOX

NOT very long ago a popular religious weekly took the opinion of its readers in compiling a list of the best Scots preachers of the day ; and, later, another journal conducted a symposium upon "The Sermons that Laymen Prefer." If the result, in both cases, was far from coinciding with one's personal opinion or private judgment, it had the salutary effect of emphasising the fact that the diversity of gifts in preachers is not more marked than are the diversities in the requirements of those who desire this particular form of spiritual edification. It seems to be indisputable, however, that the pulpit is still a living force in the religious life of the country, and that the triumphs of its palmiest days may be achieved by the preacher who has a message appropriate to the times.

The Importance of the Sermon

In Scotland, preaching has always been an essential in the ministrations of the sanctuary ; so much so, that unto this day the elements of prayer and praise and the public reading of God's Word are generally termed "the preliminaries." The Scot expects these. He finds in them a screen from the din of the week that is gone and the cares that so easily beset him : by them his heart is prepared for "the message" of the preacher. But it is to the sermon that he looks for nourishment, and he is not satisfied unless he gets this. The man in the pulpit is one whom he and his brethren have set apart in order that he may expound the Word, in the light of devout meditation, scholarship, research, and human experience ; he is sadly disappointed if he goes home without a clearer perception of some phrase, passage, incident, or book in the sacred volume. He would have the Scriptures "opened" to him in such a manner that his heart shall burn within him.

The elder Scot was content to entrust to the operation of the Holy Spirit the gracious, if searching, application of the

truth in his own conscience. To his own sanctified common-sense he left the ruling of his conduct toward his neighbour in the family, in the market-place, and in civic and political life. But these are the days of short cuts, of peptonised foods, and of combines ; and in the world of sermons such things have their counterpart for better or for worse. All around we see a general readjustment taking place, and decadence where readjustment is not accomplished.

Metaphysics Vanishing from the Pulpit

As always, a sound theological education is a *sine quâ non* in the equipment of the preacher of the day, and the best possible facilities for this are provided by the Churches in their theological colleges. But nowadays a preacher is not expected to demonstrate his scholarship in the pulpit, and he succeeds best who can most completely strip himself of the vocabulary of the schools. Of more than the vocabulary : the abstract propositions of metaphysical philosophy, the fine-spun disquisitions on doctrine, the stubborn dialectic in support of dogma—all are out of place in the modern pulpit. The scholarship is there still, but it is evidenced in other ways. The Higher Criticism of the text of Holy Writ has been cautiously but honestly weighed in the schools, in the light of the results of recent exploration, excavation, and philological research ; and we in the pews get the benefit. The grand content of the Scriptures remains an impregnable rock, as Mr. Gladstone designated it ; and yet we have not now to bolt some of the antinomies or those many minor inconsistencies of King James's Bible which used to put an unnecessary strain on our gift of faith.

The recoil from the abstract has brought about an increased interest in the life-story and simple, practical teaching of Jesus, at the expense, to some extent, of the old Scottish predilection for the systematised and somewhat metaphysical teaching of the Pauline epistles. By

preference, we listen now to the voice of the Master, instead of seeking to reconcile the irreconcilable, and to build up a four-



(Photo - Moffat.)

THE VERY REV. DR. JAMES MACGREGOR.

Co-Pastor with the Rev. Dr. Wallace Williamson at St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. Although their views on ritual differ, they work together most harmoniously.

square theology under the guidance of the disciple. Cause or effect of this change, there is to-day a manifest quickening of the sense of social responsibility. In the religious life of the people there is less of a selfish scramble for holiness and heaven, *sauve qui peut* and "deil tak' the hin'most." Rather is there a desire to ameliorate the lot of the oppressed, the afflicted, and the degraded. The motif of the home mission worker—and of the foreign missionary, too—is found in the message of the modern preacher, in a degree not formerly experienced.

The Preacher must be a Man and know Life

In another respect, the times have tended to alter the character of Scottish preaching. The old reverence for "the cloth" has gone. The preacher no longer derives fictitious advantage from the mere dignity of his office. He is no longer the sacrosanct teacher of theology, nor is he in immediate succession to the priest. He is the preacher concerning

the life that now is, as well as the life that is to come. He must be a man. He must know life; he must have been tempted in all points, and victorious in as many as possible. He must know something of the trials, the sorrows and the joys which bring the supreme moments for each of his hearers, and his message is coloured and enriched by that knowledge.

The Preacher must have Literary Taste

There is yet a third factor in the making of the successful preacher of to-day. The tremendous increase in the output of literature, and especially of inexpensive editions of the classics of English literature, has done much towards the culture of the man in the pew. The Scot has been an educated man ever since the days of the Reformation; but for over three hundred years he had access to few books, and much of his mental pabulum was derived from the ministrations of the pulpit. To-day he is independent of that resource; and, especially during the last



(Photo - Moffat.)

THE VERY REV. DR. CAMERON LEES.
Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King, and Minister of St. Giles's High Kirk, Edinburgh.

thirty years, he has learned subconsciously to distinguish between the wheat and the chaff, and has become correspondingly impatient of verbosity and of exposition

that is articulated badly. In short, there is, nowadays, a measure of literary taste in the pew, and we find that an element in the success of the modern Scots preacher is the possession of corresponding literary taste. This makes for lucid statement, for brevity (in the sense opposed to circumlocution), and for imagination that will draw out the imagination of the hearer towards the wonders of "the things which are not seen."

It would be invidious to analyse critically the qualities of the men who stand in the forefront as successful preachers in the Scots pulpit of to-day, and the foregoing generalisations may be taken as applying, some in greater, some in less degree to each of the men to whom we make reference in what remains of this short paper.

II

IN the ministry of the Established Church of Scotland there are several preachers whose gifts are recognised far beyond the bounds of their own communion. We happily have still with us the Very Rev. Dr. James MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh, whose forcible personality and forthright statement of his message, in its bearings on all things under the sun, render him independent of all classification. To the outsider, Dr. MacGregor would seem to be somewhat unequally yoked with his colleague, Dr. Wallace Williamson; for, while Dr. Williamson is openly of the High Church party of his denomination, and uses his influence in any movement that will make for more elaborate ritual, Dr. MacGregor can still say at the Communion table, "This is just plain bread—plain bread from the baker's." Nevertheless, Dr. MacGregor appreciates the gifts of his able colleague, and their co-pastorate has been a most harmonious one.

The Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees

After Dr. MacGregor, the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to His Majesty, and minister of St. Giles's High Kirk, Edinburgh, is perhaps the best known preacher in his Church. His services always attract large congrega-

tions, and his sermons have the charm of lucid statement, clear thinking, and wide sympathies. Like most of his brethren in the Established Church—and with some reason in his own case—Dr. Lees has cultivated the "cathedral voice"; but when the occasional hearer shakes off the first impression of monotony the true quality of the preacher is evident.

The Rev. Dr. P. Macadam Muir

In Glasgow, the Rev. Dr. P. Macadam Muir seems to have justified his call to the pulpit of St. Mungo's Kirk—otherwise, Glasgow Cathedral; the Rev. Dr. Martin, as minister of the Barony Parish, fulfils, with a manly presence and keen evangelical and sociological interest, the function of preacher in a central city charge; and the Rev. Matthew Gardner, formerly of Peebles, is drawing crowded congregations to his church at Hyndlands. In Edinburgh, Dr. R. H. Fisher, of Morningside, is reckoned one of the best preachers of his communion; and the same distinction attaches to the pulpit appearances of Professor W. P. Paterson. Dr. Paterson succeeded Professor Flint in the Chair of Divinity in Edinburgh University, and is, without doubt, one of the most profound scholars and the most brilliant of lecturers and preachers in Scotland to-day.

The United Free Church

If we turn to the United Free Church, we have some difficulty in selecting from amongst the many able men to be found in her ministry a few whose names may be mentioned without reflection on others who are not named. But if the reader will take it that our notes are not exhaustive we may yet refer to a few of the more conspicuous men.

There is still in the pulpit of St. George's, Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte, that notable admirer of the Puritan divines and expositor of the inspired sayings of Bunyan and Dante. For many years past a sermon by Dr. Whyte has been the chief objective of the sermon taster visiting the Scottish metropolis, and he is to-day, in many respects, as great a preacher as ever. His perennial freshness may be attributed



THE REV. DR. WALLACE
WILLIAMSON,
Co-pastor with the Rev. Dr. MacGregor
at Edinburgh.

(Photo: T. and R. Annan.)
THE REV. A. C. WELCH,
Of Clement Church, Glasgow.

(Photo: T. and R. Annan.)
THE REV. DR. JOHN HUNTER,
An eminent preacher of the Congregational
Union.

THE REV. G. H. MORRISON,
Of Wellington Church, Glasgow.
F.J.W.

to a phenomenal openness of mind, a living personality, a buoyant faith, and an intellectual thirst which makes every new book a possible avenue to thoughts and ideas that will "help his people."

The Rev. Dr. William M. MacGregor

One of a later generation, the Rev. Dr. William M. MacGregor, of St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, is for many of us the ideal of a preacher. As may be seen from his volume of sermons recently published — "Jesus Christ, the Son of God" — Dr. MacGregor's sermon matter is pertinent without being laboured, allusive without being overdone with quotation, and, above all things, it is first-hand. It is this first-hand quality to which particular attention should be drawn. Dr. MacGregor said the other day, "The words and the aspirations of yesterday will not do for the prayers of today." The sentence characterises his preaching. He may have a manuscript before him, but he convinces his hearers that at the moment of speaking his mind is deliberately and ponderingly dwelling upon the thought to which he is giving expression. The result is that his sermons have a *living* quality that is denied to the most excellent of sermons prepared in the study and "delivered"—from manuscript or from memory—in the pulpit.

The Rev. George H. Morrison

Next to Dr. MacGregor, one would be inclined to place the Rev. A. C. Welch, B.D., of Claremont Church, Glasgow. There is much high seriousness in the matter and manner of Mr. Welch's sermons, and they have, in some measure,

the first-hand quality which we have just noted in Dr. MacGregor's preaching. In Glasgow, too, the Rev. G. H. Morrison, M.A., of Wellington Church, is a splendid example of the generation of preachers turned out by the Glasgow College of the late Free Church in the days of Professor A. B. Bruce. The characteristic of this preaching is the perfection of tectonic or sermon construction. From the moment that Mr. Morrison begins, the man in the pew sees rising before him in gradual stages, and without waste of material, the particular lesson which the preacher has to give as his message for the day; and when the structure is complete he can carry it home with him. Even before the days of Bruce, Professor James Stalker had this tectonic gift in some measure, and we enjoy it still when he leaves his class-room for the pulpit.

Until recently, we had with us Professor Hugh Black as colleague of Dr. Alexander Whyte in St. George's, Edinburgh, and in his day the Scots capital first saw crowds of would-be worshippers formed into queues at a church door. There was always in Professor Black's preaching a certain magnetic quality and a literary restraint in statement. His topics were at the opposite pole from sensationalism, and they were clothed with no great novelty of idea. But, as he delivered them, they appealed to hundreds of men and women, and his ministry was one that Edinburgh regretted to see brought to a close by his transference to a professor's chair in the metropolis of the New World.

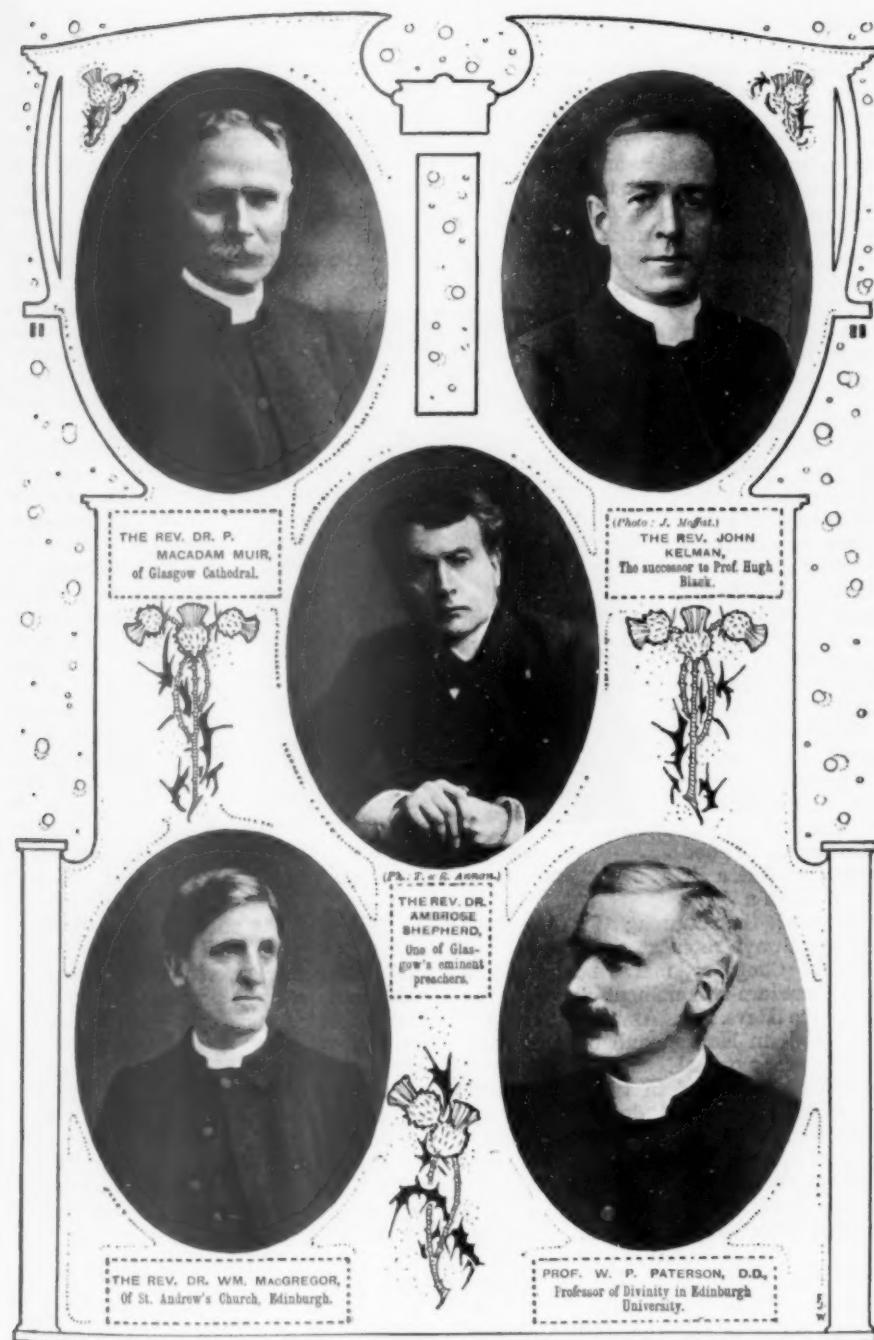
As successor to "Hugh Black," as everybody calls him, the congregation of St. George's called the Rev. Dr. John



(From the painting by Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A.)

DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE.

The famous expositor of Bunyan and Dante.



Kelman from another Edinburgh church, in which he had for six or seven years ministered to crowded congregations of young men and women, many of them drawn from the neighbouring University. It is too soon to judge of the wisdom of this move, but Dr. Kelman has gifts to minister to a different type of people from that which was so deeply influenced by his predecessor. Dr. Kelman is an exponent of the humanities as these are found in literature; and while he is perhaps at his best in discussing a literary topic, he lays his wide reading and observation under contribution when he goes into the pulpit as a preacher of the spiritualities.

But we must pass from the United Free Church. Within the limits of this paper it is not possible to speak of Professor Denney, of Professor Hugh R. Mackintosh, so lately a successful young preacher in Aberdeen, of the Rev. R. Boyd Scott, of Paisley, or of other such. Of good preaching there is much within the borders of the Church; for the best there is always room at the top.

In the Congregational Union of Scotland there are two eminent preachers at least—the Revs. Dr. Ambrose Shepherd and Dr. John Hunter, and both of these minister to crowded congregations week by week. Educated in the factory and the night school, and dowered with an experience of life outside the Church until he attained manhood, Dr. Shepherd has keen interest in all the social problems of the hour, and for them he seeks a solution in the Gospel of Jesus. Although

he is not a Scot, we are glad to claim him as one who occupies a Scots pulpit.

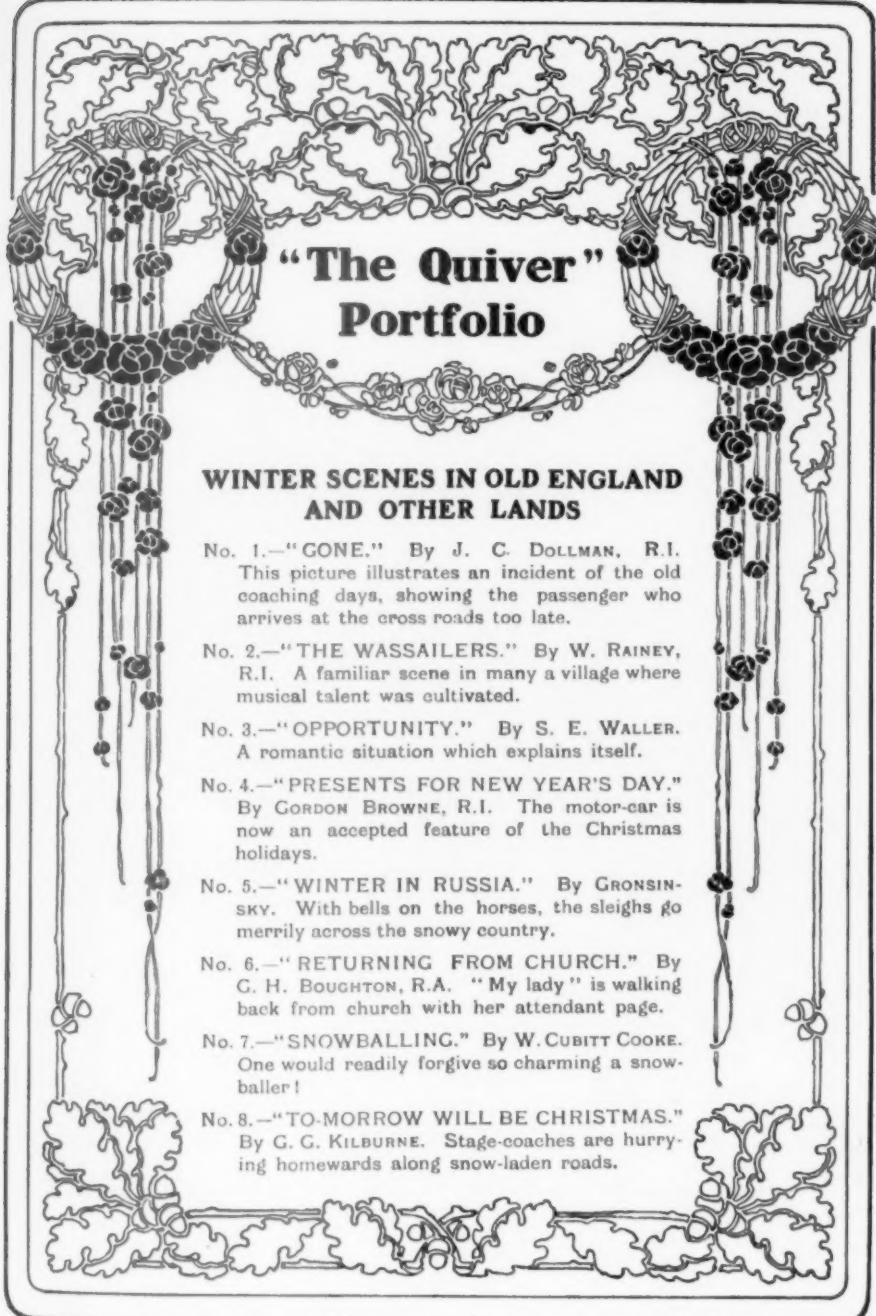
In drawing to a conclusion, we may pass over the Methodist pulpit, as it is regularly supplied from the other side of the Border, where such men as the Rev. Dinsdale Young have already proved the stuff they are made of. We may pass the Scots Episcopalians. Like their English brethren, these discount the sermon, and depend on the element of worship as the main influence of the sanctuary. In the comparatively small community of Scottish Baptists we mark the Rev. J. T. Forbes, formerly in Edinburgh and now in Glasgow, as their most prominent preacher. And in the still smaller communions of the Reformed Presbyterian Church and the Original Secession Church, two preachers are conspicuous—the Rev. John Struthers, of Greenock, and the Rev. Dr. Alexander Smellie, of Carlisle, respectively. Mr. Struthers is *sui generis*, as anyone

can tell who has studied his marvellous little magazine for children, *The Morning Watch*. Gentle severity, dry humour, wide reading, and simple faith are all elements in his preaching. Of Dr. Smellie one can only say that, in virtue of his exact scholarship, his exhaustive knowledge of the best in literature, his genius for devotion, and his plangent voice, he might have occupied, with much acceptance, one of the foremost pulpits in the country, had he not chosen to stand by the Church of his fathers and adorn a humbler sphere.



(Photo. T. and R. Annan.)
THE REV. DR. MARTIN.
Of the Barony Parish, Glasgow.





"The Quiver" Portfolio

WINTER SCENES IN OLD ENGLAND AND OTHER LANDS

No. 1.—"GONE." By J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.
This picture illustrates an incident of the old coaching days, showing the passenger who arrives at the cross roads too late.

No. 2.—"THE WASSAILERS." By W. RAINY, R.I. A familiar scene in many a village where musical talent was cultivated.

No. 3.—"OPPORTUNITY." By S. E. WALLER. A romantic situation which explains itself.

No. 4.—"PRESENTS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY." By GORDON BROWNE, R.I. The motor-car is now an accepted feature of the Christmas holidays.

No. 5.—"WINTER IN RUSSIA." By GRONSKY. With bells on the horses, the sleighs go merrily across the snowy country.

No. 6.—"RETURNING FROM CHURCH." By G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A. "My lady" is walking back from church with her attendant page.

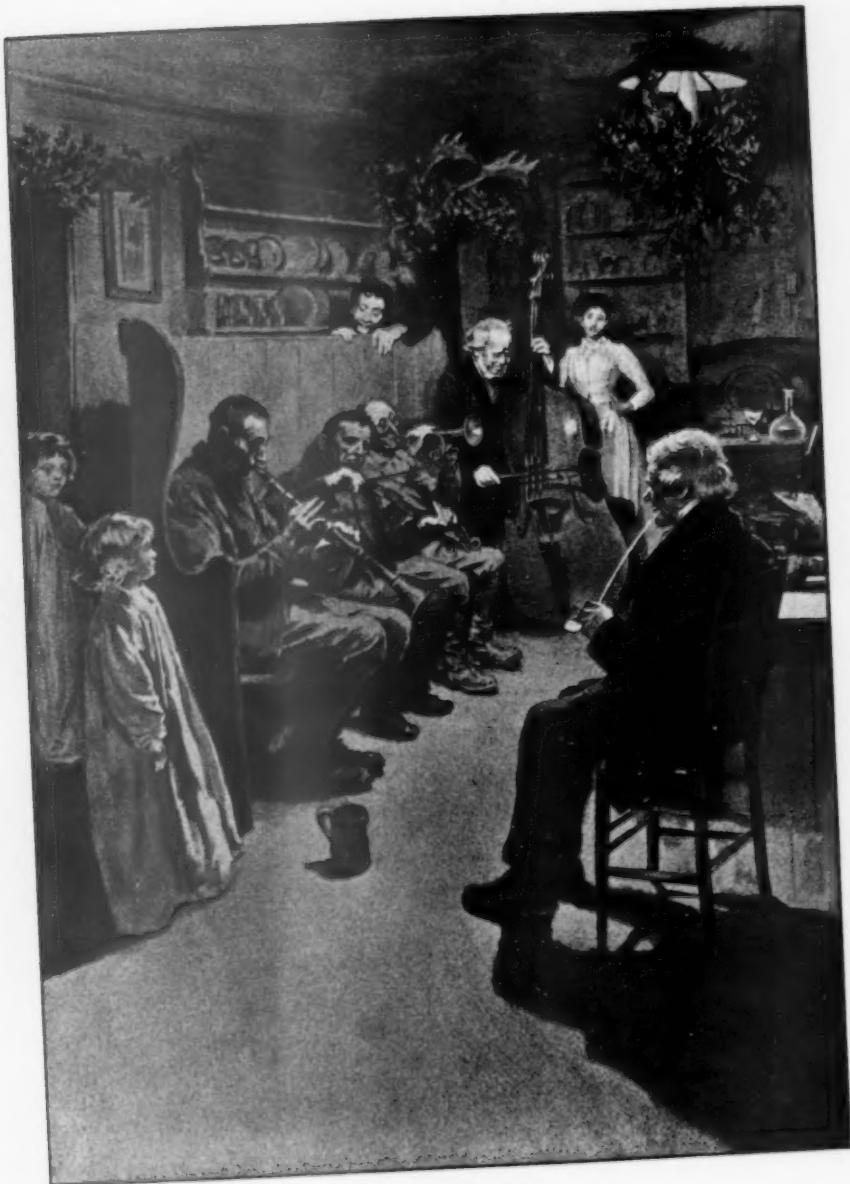
No. 7.—"SNOWBALLING." By W. CUBITT COOKE. One would readily forgive so charming a snowballer!

No. 8.—"TO-MORROW WILL BE CHRISTMAS." By G. G. KILBURNE. Stage-coaches are hurrying homewards along snow-laden roads.



GONE!

(By J. C. Dollman, N.Y.)



THE WASSAILERS.

(By W. Rainey, R.I.)



(Reproduced by permission of E. W. Savory, Ltd., Bristol.)

OPPORTUNITY.

(By S. E. Waite.)



PRESENTS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.
(By Gordon Browne, R.I.)



WINTER IN RUSSIA.
(By Gransinsky.)



RETURNING FROM CHURCH.
(By G. H. Boughton, R.A.)



SNOWBALLING.

(By W. Cubitt Cooke.)

"TO-MORROW WILL BE CHRISTMAS."
(By G. E. Kilburn.)



Produced by permission of A. H. Sarnoff, Ltd., 46, St. L.

Our New Serial Story

A Country Corner

By AMY LE FEUVRE

Author of "Probable Sons," "Teddy's Button," etc.

SYNOPSIS

The early characters in this story are Rosemary and Penelope Mowbray, who break away from the control of their lady guardian, and hunt out their brother Laurence in his country corner. Laurence, much older than they, and almost a hermit, does not welcome their arrival, but he is cajoled into altering his plans for sending them back, and offers to allow them to remain with him for a month. At the Welcome Club, which he holds once a week, the two girls meet his friends—Sir Anthony Forrester, Major Willoughby, whose life seems to hold a hidden tragedy, and Mr. Bruce Talbot. Hanging about the village is Moses Vance, a churlish, shrewd old fellow, with a disposition to grumble at all things, especially women folk.

CHAPTER IV

A SERMON

"Is it incredible? or can it seem
A dream to any, except those who dream,
That man should love his Maker, and *that* fire,
Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire?"

All his glowing language issued forth
With God's deep stamp upon its current worth."

COWPER.

IN a very short time the girls had settled down into their new life. Their trunks from London soon arrived, with a very irate and injured note from Mrs. Burnaby, which note Rosemary dropped into the fire, with the words:

"We'll forget all about her. We will never go back to her."

When Sunday came they set off for church together. Laurence did not accompany them. He said he always went to the evening service. On the way they met Major Willoughby.

"Always go to church in the morning," he said to them. "I was brought up to it. There's a great thing in habit, isn't there?"

He looked as cheerful as ever, though Rosemary declared his face was worn and lined with trouble.

"Yes," said Penelope; "we always go to church once a day, but we mean to come twice if we like the vicar. We're told he's quite eloquent in the pulpit."

"He's something more than that," said the Major. "Don't know where he gets it from!"

"Do you know Miss Stanhope? Does she come to church? We want to see her."

"No," said the Major, shaking his head; "I'm not a big enough fish for her to bite at. And she drives to Hawkhurst. She doesn't cotton to the vicar. She calls him 'the vermicule!'"

"What is that?" asked Penelope.

"The dictionary will tell you. She sent him an invitation to dinner when first he came, and he declined it. She never forgave him."

"Why are there always small fights in small villages?" asked Rosemary. "It seems to me that the country ought to be conducive to peace."

"Don't you know Watts's immortal rhyme about idle hands and mischief? We have so much time in the country to contemplate our neighbours and their weaknesses."

"Well, Rosemary and I don't intend to spend our time here gossiping and fighting," said Penelope with decision; "but we are interested in our neighbours, and we mean to be friendly with everybody, from Moses Vance, who views us with suspicious disdain, to the 'haughty heiress,' as Mrs. Ingle calls her. It sounds like a 'penny dreadful'!"

They soon reached the church. To the girls, accustomed to Continental Sundays and lately to fashionable town churches, this little country village with the country poor wending their way through the old lych-gate to the quiet, cool church, surrounded by its old elms and graves, was quite a revelation. The congregation was a good one, but mostly made up of the villagers. Sir Anthony was there, and one of the seats was full of fashionable visitors who had driven in from the neighbouring country town.

Rosemary and Penelope were shown into one of the front seats, and the service soon commenced. There was only a village choir, composed of young men and women and a few boys. When Mr. Paul came in, Penelope glanced at her sister with mischief in her eyes. He looked very small, very insignificant, and his hands twitched nervously as he walked to his seat. But when

the service began it was performed with quietness and even dignity, and when he entered the pulpit both girls acknowledged the truth of what they had heard.

He gave out his text with a certain amount of hesitation: "Ye are not your own." Then he leaned forward with no other book before him but his Bible, and the whole man seemed transfigured. His eyes glowed with earnestness. His words came with quiet force and power. He quoted another passage to his congregation: "The Lord . . . created thee . . . formed thee . . . I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." And point by point he led up to the one logical conclusion, and drove it home with insistent power.

Rosemary's attention was claimed and held. She listened spellbound, and when the service was over, and she and her sister were walking quietly home, she said:

"Have you ever heard such a sermon before, Pennie?"

"No, never. Isn't he grand in the pulpit?"

"I keep hearing his voice saying, 'Ye are not your own'; 'Thou art Mine.'"

"Very uncomfortable," said Penelope, with a shrug of her shoulders. "I like to think I belong to myself entirely."

"Oh, no," said Rosemary, raising her head with sudden eagerness. "If I thought I could be what he said God meant us to be, I should like it! I love all that is great and good. But it alters one's whole view of life. I feel as if a castle I had erected was smashed to pieces."

"I wish," said Penelope, "that Sir Anthony had walked back with us. I like him. He has a sense of humour."

Rosemary touched on religious topics no more. But, after lunch that afternoon, their brother went out for a walk, and the girls made themselves thoroughly comfortable in his big room. They piled some wood on the fire, for it was a grey, chilly afternoon, then they drew up two of the biggest lounge chairs, and Penelope produced a box of chocolate.

"Now we'll have a cosy time," she said, leaning back amongst her cushions with a sigh of content.

"I have been hunting the house for an interesting book. Laurence doesn't seem to go in for novels, but I've found a modern magazine or two, and here is an article on 'Tree Lore,' by Sir Anthony, which ought to interest you."

"Read it out," said Rosemary.

"Not I! It would be mere waste of breath; you're always miles away! If you hear one sentence you start a hare, and by the time the second comes you're on the other side of the Atlantic or up in the moon."

Rosemary did not answer. She was gazing at a figure in the corner of the room. It was that of a hunter, which her brother had been carving out of a block of wood.

Presently she startled her sister by saying, "Laurence has only the claims of creation on his bits of carving, but they belong to him, and we would not dispute it."

"Still thinking of the sermon?"

"Yes, I can't get away from it. He told us we belonged to God, Pennie, by right of creation and redemption. Why, half the world ignores that right!"

"Nearly the whole of it does," said Penelope, her merry face sobering. "The little vicar told us if we answered our call, we should live through each day carrying out God's will for us. I couldn't be as religious as that."

"But it sounded such a happy thing as he put it. If we are God's, He loves us, and cares for us, and arranges everything for us, and He wants us to be happy, Pennie. That seems wonderful to me."

Penelope gazed into the fire.

"I am so tingling with life," she said, "that I don't want to let any of it go."

"But wouldn't it be a fuller life—in a way?"

"No," said Penelope, almost irritably. "I want to enjoy life my own way. I hate any idea of bondage, Rosemary, and so do you. Don't let us think any more about it."

She turned again to her book, and there was silence for a short time. Then Rosemary broke it.

"I have looked up 'vermicule' in the dictionary. It means a worm. I don't think I like the sound of that 'haughty heiress'; but the vermicule cannot be trodden upon in the pulpit. I suppose that is why she won't sit under him!"

"You'll get 'mazed,' as they say here, if you think much more about the little vicar. Have another chocolate! This is very interesting, about tree lore. You should read it. Are you going to start gardening tomorrow?"

"Yes."

Rosemary's whole face lightened.

"I have Moses Vance coming to help me,

with his beloved wheelbarrow. Oh, it will be delicious! I'm dying to begin!"

Silence again, and it was not broken until Laurence came in, bringing Bruce Talbot with him.

"You do look as if you're enjoying yourselves," the young man said in his fresh, hearty tone.

"Come and join us; we won't monopolise the fire," said Rosemary, pushing her chair back. "I have only now deciphered the motto over the mantelshelf; the old English letters are so baffling."

She read out, with some amusement:

"Alle ye who stande byfore
ye fyre,
Praye sittie downe, ys my
desyre,
That other folke as welle
as you
Shoulde see ye fyre and
feele it too!"

"Is that original, Laurence?"

She asked it with laughter in her tone.

"No," replied her brother; "it was here when I came. This used to be the dining-room in the time of the stage-coaches."

"Oh, how I wish we had them now!" exclaimed Rosemary. "I sometimes long to be put back a hundred years. I hate the rush of life so; I think I must have been born a generation too late, because I can't feel at home in it!"

"But," said Bruce Talbot, "we're all exceedingly quiet in this part of the world. Not one of us owns a motor, and we're all staunch Conservatives. We are all very superior, of course, in consequence. When we see motors rushing by, we shrug our shoulders. 'The restless, giddy throng,'



"He gave out his text with a certain amount of hesitation."

we say; 'why do they not try our simple life, and save their nerves and money?'"

"And they," put in Penelope mischievously, "look at the quiet country folk they pass with contemptuous pity. 'Imagine the stagnation of life in these parts; why, the people must be vegetables, nothing more nor less,' they say!"

"Well," said Laurence, "a vegetable lives

for others, not itself; and it purifies and nourishes those who partake of it. We could do worse than copy a vegetable's example, I fancy."

"Would you rather," said Rosemary, looking at Bruce Talbot, with a smile in her eyes, "be a vegetable that is above ground or under?"

He laughed. "I never could, or would, bury my talents, Miss Mowbray; and the sunshine and the air would be my choice. I think I would be a scarlet runner, 'Excelsior' my motto, and flowers and beans well away from the ground."

"Oh," said Penelope, "I would never stand the sticks; no, I would be self-supporting; a sturdy potato would suit me, always surprising everyone by my fertility when they took the trouble to probe me."

"Now, Laurence," cried Rosemary gaily, "what will you be? I will choose: a good plain, old-fashioned turnip. Your tops would be appreciated, and yet one would feel that as soon as your outside surface of goodness was exhausted there was more

to come—a good, sound, solid heart of goodness out of sight!"

"Thank you," said Laurence. "All this and more I hope I am."

"And I," pursued Rosemary, pursing up her lips and looking into the fire for inspiration, "I think I'm just a patch of mustard and cress. I'm quick to respond to my sower, but I have no root, no depth. I would grow on a piece of flannel as well as in the garden. I'm all outside show, and it's all over with me as soon as you can say 'Jack Robinson'!"

"Why, you sound quite sad, you ridiculous girl!" said Penelope. "What nonsense we're all talking!"

"We're not a bit like vegetables," pursued Rosemary in a pathetic tone. "We live for ourselves alone."

"You and I do, of course," said Penelope; "but perhaps Laurence and Mr. Talbot are more heroic!"

"Don't you believe it," laughed young Talbot. "We're the selfish sex. All the novelists say so!"

"There is one good man in this part," said Rosemary with decision, "and that is the vicar."

Both Laurence and Bruce said quite gravely, "Yes, Paul is a good man."

"And Rosemary and I mean to know him," asserted Penelope. "We are not going to have him run away from us. We have planned it out. I shall start from one end of the village street and she the other, and we shall catch him in the middle!"



"Penelope gazed into the fire. 'I am so tingling with life,' she said"—p. 176.

"Poor little wretch!" said Laurence; "he will wish as devoutly for the day of your departure as I shall."

"He will be our firm ally!" uttered Penelope emphatically. "We will tell him how he can influence us for good. Rosemary hasn't done thinking over his sermon yet. As she says herself, she is quick to respond to her sower."

Bruce Talbot looked at Rosemary. A faint blush came to her cheeks.

"You are wondering whether Pennie is in jest or earnest," she said. "The fact is, we have lived our lives abroad, and a country vicar is unknown to us. I have never before in my life heard a sermon like his this morning."

"He's a good preacher," said Bruce Talbot. "People say that's all he's good for, but I don't think that tells against a man. Parsons are made to preach."

"I shall go and hear him again to-night," said Rosemary earnestly, and she did so. Penelope stayed at home, and said she would keep the house, so Mrs. Ingle and both maids went out.

When Rosemary and her brother returned from church, Penelope met them in the hall with an excited face.

"I have had visitors, and I've told lies," she said.

"I hope you haven't got them now," said Laurence.

"No—oo—I hope not. Come upstairs and I'll tell you!"

"Pennie is generally a very truthful person," said Rosemary, looking at her sister's flushed cheeks, as she ran lightly in front of them.

Penelope sank into an easy-chair before the fire, and then told her tale.

"When you'd all gone off to church, the house got dark, and quiet, and eerie. I made myself very comfortable up here, and determined not to move out of it till you came back. I was half dozing, I think, when I heard someone knocking at the front door. It was pitch dark, but I put my head out of the window and saw two figures—"

"I ought to have warned you about tramps," said Laurence quickly.

"Of course, you ought, but you didn't; and I remembered what Mrs. Ingle told me, that they were always given a slice of bread and cheese and never sent away empty. 'What do you want?' I called out to them very boldly. 'Please, missus, a drink!' And then a very mumbling story followed

about a long tramp, and did we let beds? So I talked to them from the window. I felt quite safe. I asked them their names and ages, and where they lived, and if they had any parents living, and how many brothers and sisters they had, and if they had ever done a day's work, and what they did when they were boys; and some of the questions they answered and some they didn't; and at last one of them said, 'We'll oblige you, miss, with all you want to know if you'll come down and open the door. We've been this way before, and the old body always gives us a welcome. She knows us right enough!' 'I dare say she does,' I said; 'but I don't, and I want to know more about you. I'm very interested in you, and I feel I could give you some good advice if you'd listen.' 'Advice won't fill a man's stomach!' one said in a surly voice. They began to get rather rude, so I said most sweetly, 'Well, I'll get you some bread and cheese, and if you want a drink there's a spring of water across the road a hundred yards up.' One of them swore then, so I reproved him, and then I went downstairs—"

"Oh, Pennie, you never opened the door to them?"

Rosemary's eyes were round with fright. "Don't interrupt! I foraged in the larder, cut them the correct hunk of bread and slice of cheese, then came upstairs again, and let their meal down to them tied on to a bit of string."

Laurence gave a little chuckle.

"They weren't a bit grateful," said Penelope, "but began to get abusive. So I told them flatly I wasn't going to let them in. Then one said, 'I know the tricks of this house, so if you don't let us in by fair means we'll get in by foul. We've only to break a window round at the back.' So then I told my first lie: 'I shall be sorry if you do that, for I shall go straight to my brother and get him to show you his revolver. He's rather tired—being Sunday—and is having a nap in his room.' That rather flabbergasted them. They consulted together, then one called out, 'We know he's to church. Let us in quick, and we won't harm you.' 'Not a bit of it!' I said to them. 'I have a revolver of my own just lying on the table here. Would you like to see how I can shoot?' That was lie number two! 'We'll see you again in a few minutes,' they said, and then they went along and scaled the door into the back yard. I began to get

rather nervous, for my lies had done no good. I conned over in my mind all the back windows, and came to the conclusion that as all of them were shuttered they couldn't do much harm. So I went along to Rosemary's room, and there I saw the wretches trying to work their way in by the back kitchen window. My wits helped me. I dashed down to the kitchen and drew a couple of pails of hot water. It wasn't boiling, Rosemary, but I couldn't bear my hand in it. Then I took the pails up to your room very quietly and carefully, opened the window sharply, and pitched them out, for the men were just underneath. You should have heard them yell! 'I'm very sorry,' I said to them, 'but if you don't go away I've got some more, and it is quite boiling!' Then I shut the window and came back here, and have been here ever since, till I heard your voices below."

Laurence uttered an exclamation and left the room.

"He's gone to look for their remains," said Penelope. "The only thing that bothers me is that I shall have made enemies of them now, and they'll come back and murder me one day. That will be my end."

"Don't talk nonsense! How dreadful it must have been. Don't tell me you weren't frightened, Pennie."

"Frightened? I'm all of a tremble! I shakes to where I stands! I never was so glad to hear you in my life! This is what comes of living on the high road and encouraging tramps. I shall tell Mrs. Ingle what I think of it. There! Now that is her ring, isn't it? I expect Laurence will let her in."

Laurence returned in a few minutes.

"They have cleared off, but I see where they were at work. Never had such a thing happen before! It's just the result of having girls in the house!"

"And that's all the thanks I get for saving the house from a burglary!" exclaimed Penelope.

But her brother was too vexed to chaff with her about it.

"I never ought to have left you alone; but Mrs. Ingle has been alone scores of times. I must speak to Trawlings about it."

"Who is Trawlings?"

"The village policeman. Let me advise you in future not to bandy words with tramps, Penelope."

"Do you think they'll go in for revenge?" asked Penelope, smiling un-

dauntedly. "Will they dog my steps and murder me? I'm sure the hot water must have hurt them. I wish now I had tried cold water first. It would have been more merciful!"

"You ought to have a watch-dog, Laurence," said Rosemary, looking at her sister with eyes full of concern.

"Yes, you're right there. I had one up to last Christmas, and he was such an old friend that when he died I felt I could not get another. But I've had an offer of a good mastiff, and I think I'll take him."

"I hope he won't be fierce with us," said Rosemary.

Penelope laughed.

"We will soon make friends with him. I've never seen a dog yet who isn't friendly with me. I shall like a dog that we'll have to exercise. It seems so funny for you to live in the country, Laurence, and have neither horses nor dogs."

"I've no need for a horse," her brother said shortly. "I prefer walking everywhere. If people walked more and drove less there would be fewer doctors in the world. We can always borrow a trap from the village when necessary."

"Or Moses' wheelbarrow," laughed Rosemary.

"Well," said Penelope, with a sigh, "I hope you'll have a dog in the house next Sunday, for my nerves are shaken. I was so afraid those rogues would prove too much for me. A woman is very helpless at such times, in spite of all our boasted superiority to the male sex."

"I'll never leave you in the house alone again!" said Laurence emphatically; and Penelope responded heartily:

"And I never mean to be left!"

CHAPTER V

"A WOOD OF SURPRISES"

"O Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with Thine,

"Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

"For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth;
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth."—WHITTIER.

THE following Wednesday found Laurence's three friends at dinner with him as usual. Rosemary and Penelope were



"I dashed down to the kitchen and drew a couple of pails of hot water."

more at ease than they had been the week before.

"We're quite established here," said Penelope to Bruce Talbot. "Last Wednesday, though we pretended not to care, we were awfully nervous about our future. We are quietly furnishing a sitting-room for ourselves. Mrs. Ingle is helping us. It's rather fun the way we do it. Laurence says it isn't worth his while to furnish a room for us when we shall be away in a few weeks' time. Shall we? Do you remember the Arab letting his camel come bit by bit into his tent? We're in now, and we mean to stay. So we're saying nothing to Laurence, but we take a bit of furniture out of one room, and a bit out of another, and a picture here, and a bit of china there; and he never misses them, and our room is nearly completed. Rosemary and I are going into it to-night after dinner. We shall leave you all in possession of Laurence's room."

Then the talk came round to the tramps who had frightened Penelope.

"She must have been frightened to tell lies," said Rosemary. "I have never known her do such a thing before. At school her word could always be relied upon. She used to say that she never feared anyone enough to lie to them."

"Query," said Major Willoughby, "when is it admissible to tell a lie?"

"I think when it is to save life," said Bruce Talbot.

"No," said Sir Anthony, "not if it is to save your own."

"We'll say another's."

"I don't think it's a good thing to tell a lie at any time," said Sir Anthony slowly. "It is bad for oneself and one's self-respect."

"It is the imagination that's to blame very often," said Laurence. "Children tell the most appalling lies, and they can make themselves believe they don't!"

"Of course, truth is one of the ideal virtues," said Major Willoughby, "but everyone knows it is most unpleasant at times. A really truthful person is most objectionable."

"I don't believe he need be if he takes refuge in silence. A silent person is never objectionable."

"I'm a very silent man, as a rule," said Laurence, "but remember 'silence gives consent.' I don't think silence a virtue."

"Silence means strength generally," said Major Willoughby. "Don't we all enjoy

Merriman's silent men, who are never worsted and always hold the cards up their sleeve? A man who can hold his tongue under provocation is endowed with self-control. He acts before he speaks. All great thinkers are silent."

"Silence often means cowardice," said Sir Anthony in his sleepy way. "I'm with Laurence. Silence isn't a virtue, it's generally a vice. I took refuge in silence yesterday when my housekeeper came to ask me what I meant by giving a contrary order to her. Silence may mean deep waters, but it may also mean the reverse. Some people may conceal their thoughts by silence; some may have none to utter. It may show scarcity of brain, not profundity."

"I shan't dare to be silent now," said Penelope. "We were taught at school that to be a good listener is often better than to be a great talker."

"Yes," said Laurence quickly, "your sex needs to be taught that."

"Why?" Rosemary asked with dangerous politeness.

Talbot Bruce interposed hurriedly.

"The world generally believes in talk," he said. "Look at our M.P.'s, and the amount of 'gas' about the most popular of them. You must talk to persuade, or to get a following. Eloquence wins where silent force fails."

"No," said Major Willoughby, "it impresses, but impressions fade. Our copy-books told us, 'Actions, not words.'"

"What an awful thing it would be to have a dumb dinner-party!" said Penelope.

They all laughed.

"Well," said Major Willoughby, "silent people, as a rule, do not get their due. It is the talkers that commend themselves and get commended. The silent ones are misunderstood and misjudged."

"Who does get their due?" said Sir Anthony. "Don't we all think we're misunderstood and unappreciated in our best moments? Our inner self is always telling us, 'You're really much nobler, much more heroic, much more enduring than you seem to be.' And we hug our internal selves, and wear a martyr's smile; and the outside world never knows of the hug or notices the smile!"

There was silence. Talk shifted to lighter topics, and the girls soon left the table.

They went to their sitting-room, and Penelope, who had moved the piano, now sat down to it. She was a beautiful

musician, and once with her beloved composers she became lost to time and her surroundings. Rosemary listened dreamily, then gave herself up to her gardening schemes. They were both startled by a tap at their door. It was young Bruce Talbot.

"This is most audacious of me," he said; "but Mrs. Ingle proved my good friend. They're getting so warm on politics that I slipped away. I'm not a good politician myself; I'm too detached, and they sit upon me in consequence. I heard the strains of music, and Mrs. Ingle led me to your door. I'm a music-lover myself, but never hear any."

Penelope welcomed him warmly.

"I heard you played. Aren't we cosy here?"

He looked round admiringly.

The room was quaint with its bits of old furniture. Some chrysanthemums lightened the black chimney-piece; photographs of their own, and little effects of draperies here and there, with the indescribable touch of a woman's hand, had brought a different atmosphere from that of Laurence's sitting-room.

Bruce Talbot noted it with quick appreciation. He talked music with Penelope and gardening with Rosemary. In both he seemed proficient. Then he sat down at the piano and played, and by the time he left them they were all the greatest friends. He promised Rosemary that he would ride over and give her some hints about her wood. She told him that she was going to start her spring garden first, and not do very much to her winter one this year. "I am too late. I shall clear a patch for it, and plant things gradually."

"You will want two or three stout labourers," he said; "you will find that Moses talks too much to work well."

"But I mean to work myself," asserted Rosemary. "I am not in a hurry. I like doing things slowly, the pleasure lasts all the longer. No, I'm not going to have a lot of workmen. I like digging and grubbing myself. I love the very feel and smell of the earth. It's so delicious to have so much space. There will be endless work to do in it!"

"You'll have to make war on the rabbits; they will burrow and eat everything you plant."

"Don't be so disheartening. It won't be a trim garden, with flower-beds. It will

always be a wood to the end of its days, but it will be a wood of surprises!"

The next morning was a sunny one, though with a touch of frost in the air. Rosemary came to breakfast with bright eyes and flushed cheeks.

"I'm going to take out lunch, so you won't see me for the whole day, Pennie."

Penelope laughed.

"I would advise you to save your enthusiasm; don't concentrate it too much. I tell you what I'll do! If you have a nice fire burning, I will bring the tea out to you, and we'll have it in the wood."

"Very well. I shall expect you at four o'clock: not before."

Punctually at that time Penelope entered the wood. She was soon guided to the right spot by a slender column of smoke, and found Rosemary overlooking a huge bonfire. Moses was feeding it from his barrow full of brambles and undergrowth.

Penelope looked about her with curiosity.

"You don't seem to have done much," she said. "I expected to find beds cut, and paths, and a green lawn, and all sorts of queer banks."

"That shows what an amateur you are," said Rosemary with cheerful disdain. "I have only been arranging in the sketchiest form where I want bulbs to go, as they must go in at once."

"It would take a millionaire to supply this wood with bulbs," said Penelope.

"Now, don't be nasty! I shall do a little at a time. I am going to have primroses along the bank over there. The primroses are scattered all over the wood. As it is it only means transplanting a good many of them."

The bank she spoke of ran the whole side of the wood. A running stream of water was below it, and a thorn-hedge on the top. The contents of the bonfire had been taken from the bank, and it seemed as if it would need a good many more bonfires yet before it would be clear.

"Rome was not built in a day," cried Rosemary gaily. "I have forgotten to make a fire for tea. We will have a dear little one away from the smoke of this one. I have found a delightful old oak tree, and the remnants of an old shed, which used to be a shelter for the pheasants once upon a time. I am going to repair it, and perhaps thatch it, and it will be my working place in bad weather. We will have tea just outside it."

Rosemary was in a stout, short, tweed skirt, with a dark blue overall, and nail boots. Her hands were in leather gloves, and her soft felt hat and smoke-begrimed face made her have a somewhat fierce aspect.

Penelope looked at her and began to laugh. "Has Mr. Talbot visited you?"

"Yes, this morning. He quite approves of my plan. You see, I have chosen the sunniest, eastern side for my spring garden."

"And what about your winter one?"

"That will face south, and will be among the pines. I am going to border this green path with bulbs. Fancy what a sight it will be in the spring! There are wild daffodils, which I am going to trans-plant and bring to this quarter. I shall plant them round the trees; and there is one open patch of ground which wants a little clearing and which will be transformed into a sheet of gold!"

"You look something between a brigand and a sweep!" said Penelope.

But Rosemary was much too absorbed to think of her appearance.

"The stream," she continued, "will be bordered thickly with forget-me-nots. Those, again, I can transplant from another part of the wood—a marshy bit which I shall not want. I—"

"Do stop," cried Penelope, "and help me light a fire. It will do you good to sit still for a bit while I boil the kettle. I would suggest that instead of discoursing upon the forget-me-nots you mean to plant by the stream you should wash your face in it!"

A few minutes later a very cheerful fire was burning at the foot of the oak tree, and Rosemary, refreshed by her ablutions, was sitting down, her back against the old shed, a happy smile playing about her lips. It was a pleasant spot. In front of them was a dell full of bracken and fern; the graceful spindle-wood and the scarlet berries of hawthorn and wild rose hung over it in wild profusion. Crimson bramble leaves added another bit of warmth to the colouring; above, the dying tints of the oak and beech mingled with the sombre larches and firs, and the pale blue sky here and there between the foliage became visible.

"Now look!" said Rosemary, "that dell will be magnificent in the spring; it will be a mass of primroses and bluebells. At the bottom I shall cut away the branches of that fir, and we shall have a peep of the open moor beyond. It will be framed like

a picture in the dark fir, and I shall sit here and enjoy it."

"How is the tea?"

"Delicious! And how good Mrs. Ingle's scones are. I am rather hungry. I felt I could have eaten more lunch, and envied Moses' hunk of bread and fat bacon. Shall we give him a cup of tea? He really has worked very well; but he tried it on with me. He wanted half-a-crown a day, and I said two shillings. Laurence told me not to give more. Moses said his was skilled labour, so then I said I was afraid he was too clever and I must get someone else, and then he consented to the sixpence being knocked off. He is a character! Here, Moses! I want you!"

Moses sauntered up.

"Zim tu I," he began, "that you'm knackin' off work tu zoon!"

"We're having some tea, and here's a cup for you."

Penelope held one out to him as she spoke.

The old man took it, and leaning against a tree sipped it furtively.

"T'es wunnerful comfortin', a dish o' tay," he said.

"Have you done a good day's work, Moses?" asked Penelope.

"Ay, me dear sawl! Zich a day's work I haven't had fur years! T'es to 'blige the young lady, but her du have the most 'mazin' notions 'bout gardening! When I cometh 'morrer morn—"

"But I can't have you to-morrow!" exclaimed Rosemary. "I can't afford you. One day a week, I said, and I must keep to it."

Moses put his empty cup down, then stood and scratched his head.

"Zim to I, gurt foolishness to stap I, when there be so much to be overtukken! Maids are turrible wake auver billhooks an' hatchets!"

"Ah, well, I shall have plenty to do without that," said Rosemary. "I can get on very well without you till next week."

"Best ketch yer bird in hand virst!" said Moses, shaking his head wisely. "My barrer be turrible busy week what's comin'. Monday be Missis Cann's washin' tu be taken tu Hall; Toosday un be off tu my son-in-law's turnip yield; Wednesday—"

"Wednesday you must come to me!"

"Zakes, no! T'es the day Varmer Benson be lukin' for his darter from Lunnon, an' her al'ays lukes for me an' the barrer for her boxes."

"Then you must come Thursday," said Rosemary with decision.

Moses cast his eyes up reflectively.

"Thursday I be goin' zomewheres, but I bain't zertain zure where tu. You'm best have I when 'ee can catch I! Shall us zay this comin' Friday?"

So Rosemary gave in, and told Penelope that she believed Moses would always get the upper hand of her. They sat quiet for a short time, watching the flickering fire in front of them. Every now and then Rosemary would sniff ecstatically.

"Isn't the smell of a bonfire exhilarating? Why don't we live out of doors every day as long as this fine weather lasts?"

"It is rather nice here to-day," assented Penelope. "If you're going to be here by yourself to-morrow I'll bring out lunch and cook a hot one over the fire."

"Lovely! Mind you do it. I'll hold you to it. Now I must return to my work."

"You ought to knock off. It is getting damp."

"I shan't be much longer. I told Moses he was to stay with me till six o'clock."

Penelope packed up the tea-things and went home.

Rosemary met her brother at dinner that evening with a glowing face. He looked at her with a good-humoured twinkle of amusement in his eye.

"I'll give you a month," he said, "for this craze of yours to last. It is rather strange that half the world makes an amusement of labour, while to the other half it is a matter of life and death."



"She was soon guided to the right spot by a slender column of smoke, and found Rosemary overlooking a huge bonfire. Moses was feeding it from his barrow"—p. 183.

"Are rich and poor so equally divided?" queried Penelope.

"No. I spoke rashly."

"And quite untruly in my case," said Rosemary. "It is more than mere amusement to me. It is training, and health, and — and a craft which may stand me in good stead one day. Certainly, I enjoy the work, but I have a really serious aim in the matter. Women ought to have an occupation."

"Stuff! Women ought to study house-keeping. Their place is indoors, not out."

"I certainly did not expect much sympathy from you."

Rosemary spoke lightly, but there was pathos in her eyes. She added:

"You told us you would not give us a home long. If we leave you, I shall go as a woman gardener somewhere. I cannot be idle, and I must do something!"

"Ah, well! We'll see when your month is up!" And Laurence, with an uncomfortable look, changed the subject.

CHAPTER VI

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

"Hide me from day's garish eyes."—MILTON,

ONE grey afternoon, after a morning of drenching rain, Rosemary gave up all thoughts of her wood, and went for a brisk walk across the moor. As was her custom—for the time—her gardening had absorbed her life and thoughts; now, as she tramped over the dead heather, the keen air seemed to quicken some part of her being that had been lying dormant. She looked over the wild space of moor in front of her, then up to the vast expanse of sky above.

"I feel such a unit!" she said to herself; "so insignificant and small amongst all this. I wonder if my life's worth anything after all. It seems a big thing to me, but just a pin-point, I suppose, in the sight of God the Creator. Does He care at all what I do with myself?"

"I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." The words came to her with startling force.

"Does it really mean me? I almost believe I heard the call on Sunday, but I have not paid any attention to it. 'Ye are not your own.' That seems plain and straight. I have lived for myself ever since I can remember. I should never have thought that God had a claim upon me. It is dreadfully disturbing."

She walked on the quicker to escape the words that were ringing in her ears, and she hailed with relief the figure of Sir Anthony coming towards her with his dogs.

"You out for a blow?" he said cheerily. "Take care you don't go too far—a mist is coming up."

"I suppose you know every inch of the moor, having always lived here?" said Rose-

mary, stooping down to caress a friendly retriever who was thrusting his nose into her hand.

"I am not a native," said Sir Anthony. "I only came here six years ago. Before that I was more at home in London than anywhere."

Rosemary looked up at him with pretty interest. "Don't you miss things here? I should have thought that to a man the country would prove rather dull. Laurence is a hermit, but he always has been that."

"I go up to town occasionally. I am too busy to be dull. I have been hard at work in my study all day till an hour ago. I felt so weighted with some of humanity's mistakes that I came away to enjoy Nature."

Rosemary looked puzzled.

"I suppose you write about humanity?" she said.

"Not often, if you mean from a literary point of view."

Rosemary smiled a little wistfully.

"Pennie thinks you delightfully frivolous, but I—I sometimes think you aren't. You're great friends with Mr. Paul, are you not? Please don't think me curious. Any friend of his must believe in what he says, and whenever I get alone, with the sense of the heavens taking up most of the landscape, I always begin to feel serious, and—I wonder if you feel it too?"

She flushed as she spoke, and a sparkle came into Sir Anthony's deep grey eyes.

"Earth recedes and heaven draws near. I think that's a quotation, but I am not sure. Yes, I know the feeling."

He looked at her questioningly, then turned back and walked over the moor by her side.

"I'm not a talker," he said, "but if you're ploughing a tough bit of ground, let me lend a hand. Excuse my metaphor, but I'm a farmer, you know."

"Ah," said Rosemary, smiling through misty eyes, "but I'm afraid of the plough: I'm only scratching the surface, and even that hurts."

Sir Anthony was silent. After a minute, Rosemary said:

"Is it necessarily bondage to belong to another—to God, I mean?"

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

"Is that the Bible you are quoting? It sounds like it."

"There's nothing like it for solving life's difficulties."

"I want to be free," said Rosemary thoughtfully.

"But you are not!"

"How do you mean?"

"Here's another quotation from the Highest Authority: 'Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.' We want to be set free from that master, don't we? And we're told: 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' I expect you've been thinking over last Sunday morning's sermon?"

"Yes, it keeps coming back to me: 'Ye are not your own.'"

"But that doesn't bring the idea of bondage. It's belonging to a Father, Who has given us the freedom of sonship, after buying us back from a master who is bent on our destruction."

"Oh," said Rosemary, drawing a breath, "I can't understand it. I can't believe that I'm a servant to sin. I've never done any harm to anyone."

"You want to do more than scratch the surface," said Sir Anthony. "Let the plough do its work, and don't be afraid of deep furrows."

He stopped, called his dogs, and held out his hand to Rosemary.

"I'm not a parson, but I've blundered through into freedom, so if I can help you let me know. Good-bye; don't go too far, or you may be overtaken by the mist."

He departed, and Rosemary pursued her walk with knitted brow and troubled eyes. How long and how far she wandered she did not know, but she was suddenly aware that dusk was falling, and with a start she began to retrace her steps. Before long great rolls of mist overtook her and surrounded her. She felt no alarm at first, but quickened her pace. Soon the mist and darkness bewildered her. She felt that she was making no progress, that the moor seemed to stretch away in endless distance before her. Occasionally she would stumble over a boulder of granite; once she heard a whinny and scamper of feet as a wild pony fled from her. At last in desperation she called aloud, but had little hope of anyone being within hearing or reach. To her utmost astonishment a voice answered her from behind, and it was the voice of a woman.

"Where are you? Have you missed your way?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I have. Can you help me?"

"I am not so sure that I can. Come this way."

In a few minutes Rosemary felt an outstretched hand. It was a gloved one, and she knew that she was talking to a lady.

"I thought I was the only one out on the moor so late as this," said the stranger; "and I did not realise the mist was so thick, or I should not have come; but I have my small terrier with me, and I think he will lead us home."

"How glad I am I met you," said Rosemary. "You see, I do not know this part very well. I have only come here lately. I am staying with my brother, Laurence Mowbray."

If she hoped to invite similar confidence by this statement she was disappointed. The reply was merely:

"Indeed! I have heard of him, and of you."

"Can it be the 'haughty heiress'?" flashed through Rosemary's mind, but the voice was not a young one, and had a tired, rather bitter ring about it.

"How is it that you are alone at this time?" she was asked.

"I came out for a blow, and then I began to think, and my thoughts engrossed me too much."

"I come out to forget my thoughts. They are often torture."

Rosemary hardly knew what to say.

"You are fond of the moor?" she hazarded.

"I love the darkness. It is the only friend I have."

The bitter tone again bewildered Rosemary. Her unknown companion went on:

"I am a prisoner in the daytime, Miss Mowbray. I hate the long summer days. I have come to hate everything, I believe; the only time I really seem to be soothed is the hour after dusk, when I wander out alone with my dog Dick. And I always come to the moor. I try to forget my wretched existence then. I live in the past. Seven years ago—— There! Why do I talk to you? You will not understand. Then I was in the midst of all that this world can give; now I am a tortured prisoner praying to die, and yet at times cursing my Creator!"

The passion and vehemence of her tone almost frightened Rosemary. But the girl's heart was a wonderfully tender one. She put out her hand and touched her arm caressingly.



"At last in desperation she called aloud. To her utmost astonishment a voice answered her from behind"—p. 187.

"Can I comfort or help you? I have known no sorrow yet myself, but I have such an admiration for those who endure."

"No one could endure what I do and live. If I were not such a coward I would have ended it long ago."

Rosemary shivered at the wild words.

"And you have no one who loves you?" she said.

The stranger gave a hard little laugh.

"Love has died in my heart 'ong ago, and I have killed any there might have been in others. They endure as I endure, in bitterness of spirit, devoutly hoping that they may be delivered from me before long."

Rosemary began to feel that this poor woman's mind must be unhinged. She calmed her fears, though she could not help realising that she and this stranger were alone together, cut off from all human aid by the impenetrable mist around them.

"I don't know why I confide in you like this," said the stranger. "You will not be likely to meet me again. I ask you to respect my confidence. I have not spoken to a woman of my own class for years. It was a temptation to unburden myself."

"But why should not we meet? Let me come and see you and talk to you. I should like to do it. I have a lot of leisure here. My hobby is gardening, but the days are short. Could I not come?"

"No, I will never let you see me, if I can possibly prevent it."

The voice was harshly emphatic.

"I am sorry," said Rosemary softly. "I am sure there must be comfort for you somewhere. I believe there always is, but I don't know how to give it. And you do not tell me much."

Dick gave a quick short bark. Through the mist loomed a light. They had come to a cottage on the edge of the moor.

"Ah!" said Rosemary, "now we shall be all right. We are close to the village."

There was no answer, and when she turned her companion was gone. Both she and her dog disappeared, and Rosemary wondered whether it were all a dream, or if she had been walking with some unhappy spirit that haunted the moor.

This last thought made her quicken her steps, and brought her home with a white face and trembling limbs.

Yet she felt unable to talk about it, even to her sister.

She was strangely silent during dinner, but she informed her brother she had nearly got lost in a mist. He thereupon began to tell her a good many moor stories and superstitions, and cautioned her against venturing to stay out beyond dusk.

"My mastiff is coming soon. He will be a protector to you."

"I don't think Rosemary will like him as much as I shall," said Penelope.

Rosemary said nothing. After dinner Laurence sat over the fire smoking, Penelope produced her work, and Rosemary sat staring dreamily at the burning logs in front of her.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" she asked presently.

"Have you seen one?" asked Laurence.

"A spirit," went on Rosemary, "who was obliged to haunt people she had once loved; a prisoner in torture of soul, only able to take shape after dark. Do you think such a thing could be?"

"I declare, Rosemary, you are quite uncanny. Have you met this creature?"

"I almost believe I have."

Laurence gave a snort of derision. "Don't cultivate your imagination," he said. "It is a doubtful boon."

"Now," said Penelope, "I love a discussion. Let us thresh that out. Why is it not to be cultivated?"

"It blinds people's reason," said Laurence, "and paralyses their judgment and common sense."

"But sometimes it lifts them out of their sordid surroundings into realms of joy."

"I'm too lazy to talk," said Laurence.

"That's just like a man! You can talk fast enough to your friends, but you won't discuss anything with us."

"Yes, I will," said Laurence with alertness. "We'll discuss your going back to town."

Penelope laughed.

"Ah!" she said, "you can discuss that to yourself. We won't take part in it. Rosemary, wake up, and tell us if you really saw a ghost this afternoon."

Rosemary started. "No," she said; "I think she was real. I met a strange lady, and I don't know who she was. She disappeared as suddenly as she came. Ghosts don't wear gloves and have terrier dogs with them."

"Now, how horrid of you to keep such an adventure to yourself. Tell us at once all about her."

"There is not much to tell, but she seemed rather an unhappy person who likes wandering about in the dark. We walked together till we came to the village, and then she disappeared, but the mist was so thick that that was no wonder."

"I know who she was!" said Penelope. "Major Willoughby's mysterious wife. Laurence, can't you tell us about her? Mrs. Ingle says that no one has ever seen her. She has an elderly maid who attends on her, and who is utterly uncommunicative. And Mrs. Willoughby frightens the villagers by flitting by them in the dark with her dog. She is never seen in the daytime. It must be she. Do tell us what she said. It is most exciting. What is the mystery concerning her, Laurence?"

"You shouldn't listen to gossip. She's a poor, unfortunate woman!"

Laurence got up and left the room.

Rosemary looked after him with a perplexed face.

"You shouldn't talk so, Pennie. He hates any talk about his friends or their belongings. I wonder if it really was Mrs. Willoughby? I wish I had guessed it. But what can be the matter with her? She talks so very bitterly!"

"Tell me what she said."

"I can't exactly. I feel it would be betraying her confidence."

"Now you're making a mystery of it on purpose to annoy me."

"No, I am not. She spoke as if she were very unhappy. I was not with her long. I can't understand it. Major Willoughby seems such a cheerful man. Can he be cruel to her?"

"I'm sure he wouldn't hurt a fly. We always said there was a tragedy, because of his sad eyes. Why is there such a mystery? What was she like to look at?"

"How could I possibly see her? She was tall and slim, and walked lightly and well.

Her voice was the miserable thing about her. It was hard and bitter."

In spite of Penelope's curiosity, Rosemary did not repeat the conversation on the moor, nor did she tell of her talk with Sir Anthony. She kept it to herself and pondered much over both of them. But her gardening engrossed her the next day, and Penelope was just as much engrossed with her music. The two girls went their different ways, often not meeting each other till the end of the day. Penelope was making friends with the villagers. She soon knew their different family histories, and remembered every name she heard. In the morning she would help Mrs. Ingle in the kitchen, sometimes learning cooking from her, sometimes experimenting herself. Then for hours she would shut herself up and practise. She was a great reader, and devoured all the books in her brother's library. Occasionally she would visit him, and watch him carving. He had undertaken an order from a London firm for a mantelpiece, and was working away at it furiously. One day, as she watched him, she said:

"And will you be here all your life, Laurence? Will you grow old and grey carving here, and walking, and eating, and sleeping? Do you look for nothing better than this?"

Her brother looked at her.

"I have learned the blessing of contentment," he said. "What would you wish me to do?"

"To marry, I think," said Penelope audaciously. "That's what I mean to do myself when the right man comes along. And if he doesn't come, I shan't sit waiting for

him. When I get ten years older I shall take up a career in the musical world. But I think I'm domesticated. I hope I shall have a home of my own some day."

"I hope you will, I'm sure!" muttered Laurence.

Penelope laughed at him.

"You are terribly afraid that we shall always be invaders here," she said. "You're a very unnatural brother, but we're getting to know you, and your bark is worse than your bite. Mrs. Ingle considers that Rosemary and I have improved your house a lot for you. She likes your friends very much, and so do we, but we think that a man always loses a good deal by knowing no women."

"Perhaps you'll tell me what I lose?"

"Woman," said Penelope, looking at him gravely, "softens and refines by her influence; she rounds the sharp corners of a man's angular nature, and prevents him from becoming boorish in manner, and selfishly hard in his dealings with his fellow creatures."

Laurence gave a short laugh.

"My dear girl, did you get that out of a book? For it certainly is not a picture from life. Now don't chatter any more, for I'm too busy to attend to you!"

"That's what you always say when you're afraid I'm getting the best of the argument." And humming a little tune to herself, Penelope left her brother, and confided to Mrs. Ingle that he was fast growing into a crusty bachelor, and that they must all do their best to cause him to take more interest in what was going on around him.

[END OF CHAPTER SIX.]



INTRODUCTORY WORDS BY THE HON. SYDNEY HOLLAND

Chairman of the London Hospital

THESE Hospital Stories are true. That I can vouch for. An artist, looking at a hill-side in dark shade, sees what many are not given to see. He sees shades of purple and blue, he sees colours which to the uneducated eye pass unnoticed. So the hospital visitor, who visits the wards of a hospital in the right spirit, sees touches of human character and life unseen to the casual passer through the wards, and, be it said, to the casual visitor's great loss.

There is much that is sad in hospital work—very, very sad. No one with a spark of love for his fellow-men can look unmoved on pain and misery nobly and patiently borne. But the very fact of being moved widens one's sympathies, and gives one power and strength to help. That is certain.

"I would not wish thee riches, nor e'en the glow of greatness,
But, that whereso'er thou goest
Some weary face may brighten at thy smile,
Some aching heart know sunshine for awhile."

So I have welcomed Miss Vincent's desire to publish some incidents which she has come across as a ward visitor in the London Hospital. A few of them have been told her by the Matron, some by myself, some by the sisters, and some she herself has seen.

Perhaps the result of their being published will be to induce other women of the right sort to visit our wards. I hope so.

Sketches in Hospital

By C. M. VINCENT

I

ETHEL VICTORIA

SHE lay on her back on the hearthrug in the happy dreaminess of childhood. Dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked Ethel Victoria—the five-year-old baby and pet of the family, her parents' most precious and carefully guarded treasure.

And as she lay and dreamt she crooned over to herself her little songs. There was nobody particular to listen, for mother had gone across the road to a neighbour's, and the big sister left in charge was too busy to attend to her. The child just sang because she was a happy little soul, and because it was natural to her to express her happiness musically.

So there she lay, singing and dreaming, and playing half unconsciously with two

tiny bicycles. They had cost only a penny apiece, but little Ethel had got a large amount of amusement out of that two pennyworth.

Suddenly the big sister heard a sharp, strange little cry.

"What's the matter, Ettie?" and she ran quickly to the child.

Poor little Ethel, who two minutes before had been lying there the very picture of health and happiness, was half kneeling, half crouching on the floor, gasping and choking and struggling piteously—her soft brown eyes wild with pain and fright.

No one could say how it happened, but between her dreaming and singing she had somehow swallowed one of those toy bicycles.

The sister was terribly frightened her-

self; but she slapped the child on the back and did all she knew, and then she dashed out of the house and across the road to fetch her mother.

The little household lived through four or five days of ever-growing agony. The doctors did what they could, but hour by hour the child grew thinner and whiter. Hour by hour she drew nearer to death. Then someone suggested the "London," and Ethel's mother remembered her cousin who had been cured

But the bicycle was too deeply embedded for such a method to be of any use.

"It must be esophagotomy," said the great surgeon.

He knew, and they all knew, that it was the only chance; but he knew, and they knew also, what a desperate chance it was. And though the long word meant nothing to them, the sorrow-stricken parents knew it too, and all through that night of supreme suspense before the operation the mother, haggard

with watching and anxiety, waited on at the hospital, not able to tear herself away for a moment from her darling.

The brothers and sisters knew too, and kept coming and going, and coming again with restless anxiety.

Little Ethel was put to sleep by the merciful anæsthetic, an X-ray showing the exact position of the bicycle was thrown on a dark screen in the operating theatre, and the surgeon began his hazardous work.

The excitement was intense, the strained silence was only broken by the surgeon's voice as he asked for the necessary instruments.

At last, when almost an hour had passed, he held in his hand the little bicycle, and the anxious faces relaxed into a smile of relief.

After what had seemed long ages of agonising suspense the mother saw her child carried back into the ward again, and was told that the bicycle had been removed.

Then she went back for a time to her desolate home to pray and to wait. For, though the operation was over, the danger was not. Little Ethel's condition was very critical.

If only she could sleep, said the doctors, she might pull through. Yet sleep



"There she lay, singing and dreaming, and playing half unconsciously with two tiny bicycles"—p. 191.

there, and how enthusiastic she had been in her praise of the place.

So the child was carried to the great hospital, and there forthwith all that is greatest of modern knowledge, modern resource, modern skill—God-given knowledge, resource, and skill—was ranged to do battle for that little life.

A photograph by the wonderful X-rays revealed the deadly little bicycle, which was slowly but surely poisoning the child, lying at the bottom of the throat. At first it was hoped that it could be taken out by the "coin-catcher"—the name given in hospital language to the instrument used to extract the half-pennies and farthings which little East-Enders have a way of swallowing.



"'What a bootiful dolly,' said the child."

seemed very far off. The sweet brown eyes only closed to open again.

"Go to sleep, there's a darling."

The child looked up into the kind face bending over her. "I hasn't got no dolly to go to sleep wif," she said in a tired little voice.

"Shall I try and find you a dolly?"

"Yes, please."

So the sister trudged all over the big hospital in search of a doll. In and out of the wards she went, one after the other, always with the same question, "Have you such a thing as a doll here?"

But, alas! Christmas was many months past. The only dolls that had survived were poor, bedraggled, maimed creatures, headless or hairless, or armless or legless. At length, to her joy, a really whole doll was presented to her, and she bore it away in triumph to Ethel Victoria.

"What a bootiful dolly," said the child,

and hugging it tightly in her arms she sank into a deep, quiet sleep.

The next morning she was well enough to be "critical."

"My dolly oughtn't to go to bed in her frock. Hasn't she got no nighty?"

So the doll was borne off to the workroom.

"You must put by that work and make a 'nighty' for this doll," the astonished workers were told.

When they understood they set to work with a will, and in next to no time Ethel's dolly was supplied with dainty night attire.

The anxious days went by, and up at the great hospital doctors and nurses fought on for the little life, while at home the mother took comfort in keeping her child's cot aired and ready for her.

But there were times when her tears rained fast on the little bed—when it seemed as though her darling could

never lie in it again. But she still prayed on, and hoped, and waited.

And then at last the accounts from the hospital began to be a little better. Ethel Victoria—as became her queenly name—was a brave little maid, and withal obedient. In this the mother had the reward she deserved. Without the obedience which she had taught her the child could not have been saved.

It is very hard to lie in bed day after day, keeping your head quite still—and it is especially hard when you are only five years old! But little Ethel did it because she was told to.

And it is very horrid not to be allowed to eat, but to have all your milk and beaten-up eggs put into you through a nasty long tube, let down your throat. But little Ethel submitted without a struggle even to that, because she was told.

And when you think of the nice things which you would like to eat it is very hard not to be able to have them—especially, again, when you are only five years old! But when Ethel asked for a ham sandwich, or chocolate, or such-like dainties, and was told she must not have them, she did not make a fuss.

When at last she was allowed to swallow a little beef-tea she was so excited that she told everybody who came near her.

After that great event, day after day she went on steadily getting better, until at last the surgeon said that she must go home to make room for another little girl.

The tears were streaming down her mother's face as she led her darling out of the ward, where she had been loved and tended for six whole weeks—her own old Ethel, plump and rosy-cheeked.

But, as she explained, they were tears of joy now.

The bicycle can be seen at the hospital to-day one of its treasured possessions.

II

BABIES

"I SHAN'T mind leaving baby *here*," a mother was saying in an aside to her friend.

"Baby" was to occupy the show cot of the ward—the gift of a rich mother—a beautiful swing cot with white muslin and big blue bows, which the nurses pride themselves on keeping in spotless condition.

But it was not only the lovely cot which inspired confidence. The mother had grasped the fact that babies are much beloved and much considered personages in the London Hospital.

"It's no use coddling 'im, Nuss!" said one young mother, whose baby had been born in one of the maternity wards of the hospital. "'E's got to be hardened, for 'im and me goes with the barrow to-morrow."

The only equipment which this mother could produce for her baby was a torn tea-towel! It is almost needless to say that baby's friends at the hospital did not let him leave until they had rigged him out in a cosy flannel outfit, which would enable him to a certain extent to defy the cold of barrow life on the streets.

Only a proportion of the London Hospital babies are born there. Many are brought in by their relations or friends—little bundles of suffering tucked away, perhaps, under old shawls or threadbare coats—carried through the draughty or the sun-baked streets, as the case may be, or conveyed by tram, 'bus, or train.

A few years ago a small boy came



"Sophie held up the tiny glass and looked at her own reflection in it."



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

THE CHILDREN'S WARD AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

running up to the hospital with an apparently drowned baby in his arms. Baby had fallen into the water butt in the absence of his mother, and the little brother, having managed to pull him out, rushed straight away to the hospital with him.

By an odd coincidence the mother was actually on her way back from the hospital with another child of three years old whom she had taken there for treatment.

She met her little boy and thought, poor thing, that baby was quite dead, and that it was no use returning to the hospital, but the boy insisted that it was. It seemed at first as though the mother were right; but doctors and nurses persevered in their efforts to restore life, and at last they were rewarded.

That baby owed his life to his small brother's faith in the London Hospital, which the children of the neighbourhood look upon as their city of help and refuge.

Only the other day one of the newspapers described how some boys in Whitechapel were enjoying a free view of a performance at "Wonderland," when a policeman "spotted" them, and climbed up after them. The boys ran along a narrow ridge to escape him, and one of them, a lad of eleven, fell off the roof, a distance to the ground of

about eighty feet. His fall was broken by a projecting window, "and much to the astonishment of the policeman," said the newspaper, "the boy got up and walked away to the London Hospital."

But we are digressing from the babies.

A drowned baby is an unusual sight at the hospital, but scalded and burned babies are, alas! brought in daily, especially during the winter. The lives of these little patients depend on the promptitude with which their injuries are dressed, and day and night everything stands ready to hand in the children's wards, that not a moment may be lost.

Sophie is a little eighteen-months-old Hebrew baby, who was brought to the hospital one morning very badly scalded all over her body. Her mother had left her sitting on the floor near the fire, and the poor little mite had pulled a kettleful of water over her.

It seemed a perfectly hopeless case, but a hard fight was waged day and night to save the little life.

The fight was made harder because no one could induce Sophie to smile! Day after day passed, and the baby-face still wore the same sad, inscrutable expression. At last somebody gave her a set of doll's house furniture to play with. Amongst the other things there was a little mirror. Sophie held up the

tiny glass and looked at her own reflection in it, and as she looked a smile spread over her face. From that day she never left off smiling!

She was eight weeks in the hospital, and when her mother came to take her home she looked as happy and bonny a baby as one could wish to see.

The present occupant of Sophie's cot—that tiny baby with the wise, placid face—is quite a celebrity in his way. He is six months old, and his mother comes to the hospital at regular intervals to nurse him. (This is often done in the case of quite small babies.)

He has had the biggest operation that so tiny a baby has ever undergone. A very special surgeon—the most skilful in these cases that London knows—was procured for this little East-End baby. Yet the faces of the watchers in the operating theatre were grave, for there seemed but a slender chance of saving the precious life.

That was some time ago, and baby has well turned the corner now.

No wonder they are all proud of him.

III

HARRIET

EVERYBODY loved little five-year-old Harriet. She was so companionable, so sweet and gentle, so old-fashioned in her ways. The motherly air with which, when she was well enough, she used to trot round the ward patting all the babies on their heads was quite irresistible.

One of the windows of that particular ward used to be overshadowed by a great tree, and on winter evenings the bare branches would often be black with birds, congregated there for their evensong.

"What are they doing, do you think?" asked Harriet one evening.

"I think they are saying their prayers, don't you?" answered Sister.

Harriet listened attentively for a second then she said gravely, "Yes, I believe they are. I think I can hear them saying 'Our Father.'"

The ward seemed quite lonely when Harriet got well and went away; but Harriet was a delicate little person, and before long she was back again.

There was no trotting about the ward this time, for Harriet was very ill indeed.

It was tubercular meningitis, and the Sister looked sadly and anxiously at her, for there was little hope that she would pull through.

One day, as poor little Harriet lay there in her weakness, she noticed her old friends the birds flying backwards and forwards among the branches of the great tree.

"Do the birds ever feel ill, Sister, do you think?" she asked.

"No, I don't suppose they do, dear," answered the Sister.

"I suppose not," said Harriet thoughtfully, "because, you see, they've got to take God's messages."

* * * * *

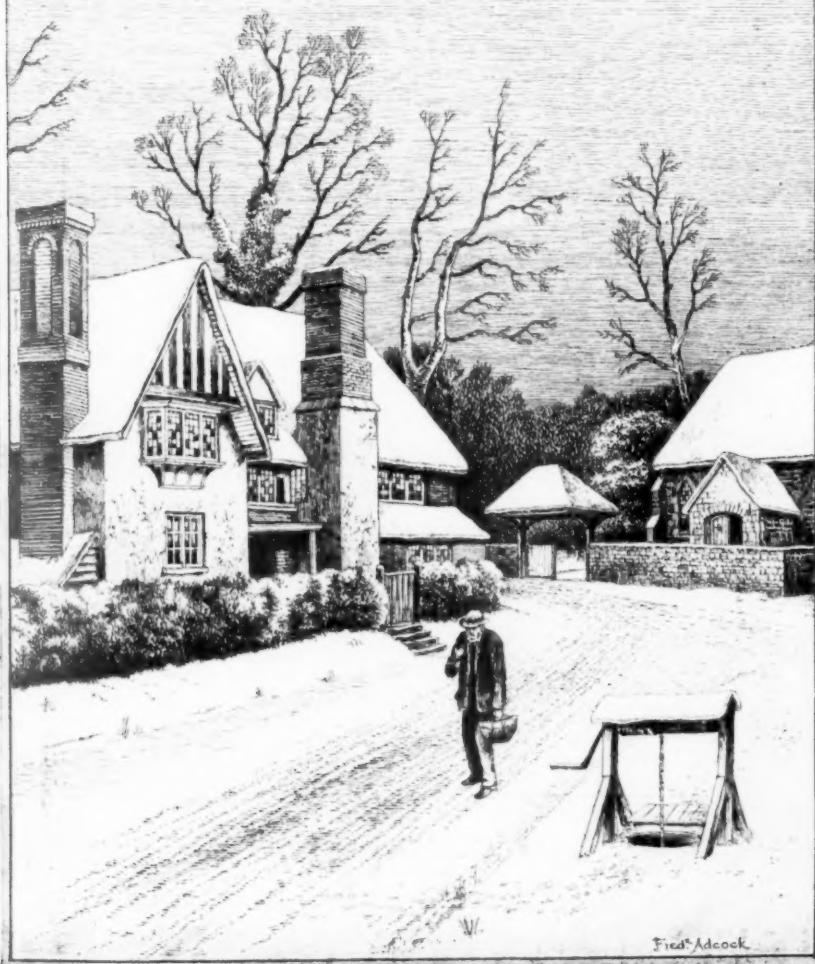
Little Harriet did not live long after that to watch the birds in the great tree.

Next month we shall give some more stories of children at the London Hospital, a great institution which deserves the most generous gifts of the public. It is now the largest hospital in the world. Contributions sent to the Editor "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, E.C., will be acknowledged in our pages.



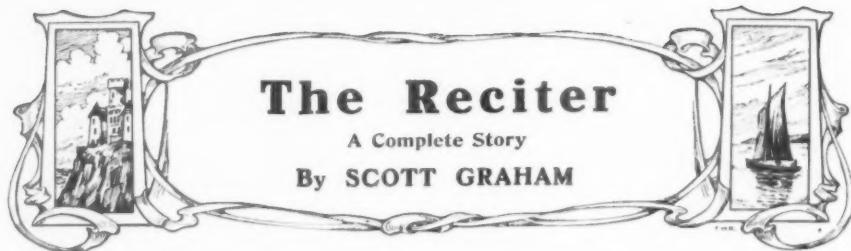
That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang,
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

Shakspere.



TWILIGHT ON A WINTER'S DAY.

(Drawn by Fredk. Adecock.)



HE was an old man, probably nearly seventy, with white hair, and a pale gentle face, whose watery blue eyes had a haunting expression of sorrow. He was arrayed in much-worn but careful evening-dress. You felt sure, without being told, that as soon as he reached his home that well-brushed broadcloth would be carefully folded away in a drawer, the white shirt and tie preserved to do duty on another occasion—several other occasions—and the cracked but glossy patent-leather boots laid up in lavender likewise.

The guests who went to the big drawing-room of the Stonehill Hydropathic Establishment after dinner found a notice posted up on the door that Mr. Algernon Cumberland Westlake, the well-known dramatic entertainer, would give a selection from his extensive *rôle* of popular recitations at nine o'clock that evening.

"Such a name!" scoffed a pretty girl of twenty to her aunt. "John Robinson Brown is much more likely to be his real one! But these people always call themselves something absurd, trying to pretend to be somebody!"

The majority of the guests were tired after being out all day, and desired nothing less than to be bored by uninvited recitations. A little desultory gossip, or a game at cards before going to bed, was all they had energy for; and many wistful glances were cast at the door during the next half-hour.

And he saw it all, and guessed their feelings—poor patient old man! His stock pieces were all lengthy, learned in days gone by, before the present fashion for airy, witty trifles had set in. He knew they did not want to listen; but he wanted bread—alas! So, after a low bow to the scattered audience, he plunged into "The Revenge."

He recited well, with a polished accent,

and no dropped aspirates. Critical Minnie Rayner, looking out for mispronunciations, was quite disappointed when none came. She had decided that such an old fossil would be sure to include "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" amongst his list. He did not; but he gave them "The Pied Piper," which, as she afterwards remarked to her aunt, "was nearly as bad."

At the end he made a little set speech, hoping he had not bored his audience very much; and a few perfunctory hand-claps protested to the contrary. Then he produced a small salver, and with every nerve in his thin body tingling with shame, went round to solicit donations. Everybody gave some silver coin. Sixpences, shillings, even florins, were laid down. Altogether eleven and sixpence was the price of that night's humiliation.

He bowed himself out, and after leaving with the cashier at the office the percentage demanded by the management for the privilege of reciting to the guests, took his way to a shabby back street, far removed from the palatial hotels which clustered about the mineral springs which had made the fortune of Stonehill.

He walked slowly, for he was very tired—tired in heart, even more than in body. It was chilly, for it was the middle of September, and the overcoat which protected his evening-clothes was thin and worn. He had slipped goloshes over his treasured dress-shoes, so that he flitted through the darkness as silently as a ghost.

He stopped at last before a dingy little house in a dreary street, wherein almost every dwelling notified that some humble trade was carried on there—tailoring, mangling, or chimney-sweeping. He opened the blistered front door with a latch-key, and stumbled up a narrow, badly-lighted staircase to a small sitting-room on the first floor.

FREDERIC WHITING.



"After a low bow to the scattered audience, he plunged into 'The Revenge.' He recited well, with a polished accent."

The room was depressing enough at best, with its faded furniture, hideous paper, and threadbare carpet; but the woman who had lolled on the rickety little sofa was one of those unhappy beings who could contrive to make an apartment in a palace appear sordid, so blighting is their presence. She was somewhere in the thirties, and had once been handsome, but discontent and bitterness had seamed her face into querulous lines, and her neglected hair and tumbled dress made her seem still more unattractive. The room was littered with the relics of an untidy meal, dog-eared penny novelettes, stray shoes, her hat and jacket, and all manner of rubbish.

The poor old man—the name he had given at the Hydro was his own—stifled a sigh. He had the bump of order, and had once been master of an establishment in which everything moved by clockwork. What a chasm between those happy days and these!

"Well, Dora," he said gently, "I was hoping you'd have gone to bed, my dear. You said you felt so tired."

"Tired! I'm always tired!" she snapped, flinging round on the creaking sofa. "I might not be if I had everything nice about me, like other women, but this dreadful life I lead is enough to wear anybody out!"

He would not retort that it was he, not she, who worked for their daily bread; and that since she got up, after breakfasting in bed, she had practically done nothing all day but follow her own devices. A great pity for this querulous creature reigned in the old man's breast. Once a bright and winsome girl, she had married—against his wish—a worthless scoundrel who made her life utterly miserable and then deserted her. Now she moaned and groaned her way through life, unable to do anything—or so she pretended—on account of her shattered nerves.

"How much did you collect to-night?" she suddenly asked.

He told her.

"Very little!" she commented acidly. "There'll be the rent to-morrow, you know, and we haven't a scrap of meat left. And I must have some new shoes—these let in the wet."

So did his, but he did not inform her of the fact.

"You see, it's getting late in the season," he observed apologetically.

"Yes, we shall have to leave soon, and that'll be another expense! It's no use staying here after the visitors have gone, and the Torquay and Bournemouth season won't begin for weeks yet! What on earth shall we do in the meantime?"

It was a question her father had already been worrying over. Once the owner of a prosperous private school, a series of unforeseen misfortunes had at length reduced him to the pitiable necessity of picking up a scanty living by giving recitations at the various health-resorts in Great Britain. But month by month these were growing less popular. People only cared to listen to young, attractive reciters, preferably women, who could sing and act a little as well. And he was too old to learn the new style. He would only make himself ridiculous if he essayed the airy trifles, generally ending in a play upon words, or some surprise, which came so acceptably from the lips of a bright girl.

"It's a shame that wretch of an Edith never tries to help us!" sullenly burst out Mrs. Naylor. "Rolling in riches as she is, and yet allowing her father and sister to starve! She always was the most selfish and heartless creature in the world!"

Albeit it was not in his nature to be harsh to a living being, he did not contradict this severe estimate of Lady Townsend, his elder child. She had married well in her father's prosperous days, and ever since her husband had been continually increasing in wealth and position, and had recently been knighted. But she resolutely refused to help, or even acknowledge, her father and sister. "She could not afford to notice poor relations," she had once written in answer to an appeal for a trifling favour. For years now they had seen and heard nothing of her.

Compared with Edith, Mrs. Naylor considered herself a model daughter, though she did nothing to lighten her father's burdens, but was herself the heaviest of them all. Marvellous is the power of self-deception!

Mr. Westlake went to bed sad and heavy-hearted. It was a veritable martyrdom which the shrinking, sensitive old man endured, evening after evening, in forcing his recitations on people who did not want them, and going round with his salver

afterwards for donations, like a beggar. Yet it was the only thing which stood between him and the workhouse. He had tried repeatedly to obtain other employment, but in vain. He was too old. Employers told him so bluntly. And any day the proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses might refuse to allow him to recite to their guests any more, and then——!

He tossed all night on his unrestful couch, which was only the sofa in the sitting-room. His first task on rising was to carry breakfast to his daughter, in the one bedroom they rented. Her weak nerves never allowed her to rise till midday. He waited on her patiently, enduring her reproaches because the egg was stale and the butter rancid. He expected nothing pleasant from Dora now.

The landlady brought in her bill—small in amount relatively, though a string of extras made it seem formidable to his dire poverty. When he had paid it, he had only sixpence left, and must find dinner for the two of them out of that sum.

He had no professional engagement for that evening. A drizzling rain was falling, but he donned his apology for an overcoat, and set forth on a weary trudge round the hotels and boarding-houses to see whether he could obtain permission to recite in their drawing-rooms that night.

In more than one the answer was a curt refusal. In another, the manageress declared that his last recitation had bored her guests so much that she could not allow him to appear again. He interrupted the bridge, and people had complained to her about it!

This last, the Palace Hotel, was a very gorgeous establishment. Indeed, nothing but sheer desperation emboldened him to enter it. As he slowly made his way towards the door, along the luxuriously-carpeted hall, a lady with swishing, silk-lined skirts came hurrying out of a room close by, so abruptly that she almost knocked him down. A gentleman always, he was beginning a courteous apology, though it was not his fault, when a glance at the massaged, powdered face, crowned by an auburn wig, suddenly struck him dumb. It was his daughter Edith, whom he had not seen for years!

She recognised him, too—he was certain of that—although after one half-frightened, half-defiant look she instantly averted her

gaze. She did not speak. She was ashamed of her own father! Because his boots were patched and his clothes were threadbare she turned away her face—that face on which she annually spent, in cosmetics and beautifiers, more than would have comfortably provided for him for years!

She was gone, with a whiff of expensive perfume. Feeling quite dizzy, he sank into a chair. She was utterly heartless then, as heartless as Dora had always maintained.

There was a singing in his ears, and the floor seemed to heave up and down. Suddenly, out of the mist, appeared a girl's exquisite face, bending over him.

"I'm afraid you're ill," she said gently. "You look so very white! Perhaps you're an invalid, and not strong enough to do much?"

He pulled himself together with an effort.

"I—I was rather tired, and sat down to rest for a moment. But I'm better now—and I shall rest when I get home."

Still she regarded him anxiously. There are some golden natures which consider everybody sick or suffering as their especial care. She had that blessed disposition; though, as she was only eighteen, there was always the risk that the world might harden her out of it in time.

"You must have a glass of wine or something before you go," she said. "Or some hot soup—they can soon get it ready."

He was too weary, too heartbroken to say her nay. She summoned a waiter, and ministered to him with kind solicitude. Then they parted, neither knowing the other's name.

* * * * *

"It's just like your ridiculous notions, Enid," grumbled Lady Townsend that evening, as she sat with her daughter in the luxurious private sitting-room which was part of their suite at the Palace Hotel. "I particularly wished you to dine here this evening, because Sir Maurice Goodman is coming! And now you say you've promised to spend the evening with Miss Temple, your old governess, in a third-rate boarding-house in a back street! You should have asked me first!"

The girl's sunny face clouded. "I'm awfully sorry, mummy dear, but poor old Tempy was so overjoyed at accidentally meeting me this morning that I couldn't refuse, especially as she and her sister are

leaving to-morrow, and I mayn't see her again for ages, as she's going abroad."

" Well, what does it matter if you don't? A mere nobody—your old governess! But you always do take up with the most absurd and impossible people, though in the case of anybody worth cultivating, like Sir Maurice, you run away!"

" I can't bear Sir Maurice," was the vehement answer. " He's not a gentleman, but a cad, who has made a fortune, goodness knows how. Don't ask me to be civil to him, mummy, for I simply can't!"

" You are a wicked, ungrateful girl, Enid!" said the mother. " Why, he has one of the finest houses in Park Lane, and I shall be very angry if you persist in slighting him, just to go to this trumpery boarding-house!"

" I promised," said her daughter simply. A promise was to her a sacred pledge, though she *was* the child of Edith Townsend. Sometimes, in this topsy-turvy world, one does find figs, luscious, beautiful figs, growing on the prickliest of thistles.

She chattered away gaily that evening over the dinner, which, beginning at the unfashionable hour of 6.30, would have excited her mother's derision by its utter absence of luxury. But Enid, with her happy disposition, enjoyed it quite as much as if it had been served by the *chef* at the Palace Hotel. Nay, more, for there was no hateful Sir Maurice, shady ex-financier and company-promoter, to spoil it by his obtrusive admiration of her girlish charms.

" It's most fortunate—we are promised a little treat this evening, my dear," said Miss Temple, when they had ascended to the homely drawing-room. She was just as simple and unworldly as her late pupil, and very small pleasures sufficed to make her happy. " A gentleman—I forgot his name—is coming at eight o'clock to recite to us."

Even if Miss Temple had mentioned the name of Westlake, it would have conveyed nothing to Enid's mind, for she had been told her grandfather died in her childhood. Accustomed to hear all the cream of the professional world in London, she would not be so unkind as to hint that the coming entertainment would probably be rather a bore than a pleasure. But when there appeared the frail, feeble old man she had succoured that very morning, the pathos of the whole thing brought the hot tears brimming to her eyes.

How supremely sad he should be obliged to work like this at his age! She vigorously applauded his well-worn *répertoire*, and when the salver came round she slipped a sovereign under the shilling Miss Temple had laid down on behalf of herself and her sister.

Next morning was pouring wet, and quite chilly. Lady Townsend, who dreaded the damp for her neuralgia, sat cowering over the fire in their sitting-room, wishing herself away from Stonchill. Enid, who detested a whole day indoors, fidgeted about a little, and then donned her mackintosh and golf-cap.

" I'm going to the library to get a book, and give Mike a run," she said. Mike was her Irish terrier.

" Well, be back in time for luncheon," returned her mother sharply. Sir Maurice was coming, but that she took care not to tell Enid.

The library was in an arcade of shops, which made a pleasant walk on a wet day. Many people were congregated about the windows, or pacing up and down; and at sight of one, a tall young man in clerical dress, Enid's fair face suddenly flushed rosy-red.

Henry Perrin was one of the curates at the West-End church they attended, and Enid, who was a parish-worker, had seen a good deal of him during the past year. Lady Townsend, who considered a poor curate, albeit of good family and excellent abilities, as much beneath her only child as a footman, had never dreamt of checking the intimacy. But when she suddenly discovered they had fallen in love with each other her wrath at "the man's presumption" knew no bounds. Of course he was after Enid's fortune, and she curtly told her daughter she must see him no more.

Dutiful and gentle as the girl was, that was asking too much of her. She would not consider herself engaged without her parents' sanction, but the lovers were prepared to wait until they were old and grey, if needful. Such a foolish girl's fancy must die out in time from lack of encouragement, Lady Townsend contemptuously decided, and meanwhile she lost no opportunity of throwing Enid and Sir Maurice together.

The lovers were overjoyed at thus meeting unexpectedly, for they were forbidden to correspond. He was having his summer holidays, and had been telegraphed for to



"You are a wicked, ungrateful girl, Enid!" said the mother. "Why, he has one of the finest houses in Park Lane!"

do duty for a friend at Stonchill, who had suddenly fallen ill.

"We're leaving to-morrow," sighed Enid. "It must just be 'How do you do?' and 'Good-bye!'"

"What a pity! We so seldom meet even when you are in town, and I suppose you will be paying a round of visits before you come back again."

"Yes, and after that mother talks of going to the Riviera. Everybody seems so restless nowadays!"

They were passing a butcher's shop, which was one of those in the arcade. A worn-looking old man, in a shabby overcoat, was coming out, carrying a small parcel. Mr. Westlake had been to fetch the mutton-chop which was to serve for his daughter's early dinner. For himself, he never indulged in such luxuries. A plate of cereal food must suffice, whilst Dora grumbled because

chickens and sweetbreads never came her way.

Now Mike was only a young dog, and in spite of his mistress's teachings his manners were not perfect yet. He smelt the cutlet, and leaped eagerly up at the old man, to sniff once more at the dainty morsel.

Taken aback by what appeared a savage onslaught on the part of a strange dog, Mr. Westlake stepped hastily aside. The road was slippery with the rain, and he stumbled and fell, striking his head against a pillar of the arcade, so that he lay on the ground quite stunned.

He looked so deathlike as he lay, the blood trickling from a cut on his temple, that Enid was quite frightened as she bent over him and tried with her lover's assistance to raise him. But the limp body resisted their endeavours. Meanwhile, a little crowd gathered round, and somebody ran for the

nearest doctor. He looked rather grave when he came, and a search in the old man's pockets having revealed some written cards with his name and address, Enid proposed they should take him home in a cab. She had already recognised him as the reciter of the evening before.

He had not recovered consciousness when the jolting cab stopped before his squalid lodging. As the doctor and Mr. Perrin lifted him carefully out, a red-faced woman with bare arms came blustering forward. "Pray, what's all this 'ere about?"

The doctor explained what had happened, requesting that they might be shown the way, in order to carry him to his room. The landlady—for it was she—was exceedingly irate at the news.

"I'm drove off my feet already, without attending to sick lodgers! He hasn't a regular bedroom—he sleeps on the parlour sofa. It's his daughter has the bedroom, and a nice selfish piece of goods she is, as ever you saw!"

"Where is she? I should like to see her," returned Dr. Winter.

"Well, you can't, for she's in bed this blessed minute! She never gets up till one o'clock, *she* doesn't. Her pa waits on her hand and foot—more fool he to do it!"

"Haven't you a spare bedroom?" interposed Enid, drawing out her purse. "I'll pay for it—I'm staying at the Palace Hotel—Miss Townsend."

At sight of the sovereigns lying in the girl's small palm, the woman softened amazingly.

"I've a good room next the parlour," she responded eagerly. "I can get it ready in a few minutes, if you'll wait in my sitting-room here," throwing open a door behind her.

Later on, while the two men were with the patient on the other side of the landing, Enid stood by the window of the dreary "parlour," wondering what the end of all this was to be. She knew her mother would be anything but pleased at her thus assuming the care of a stranger, but she felt herself responsible for the accident, and besides, the poor old man's forlorn condition had touched her heart.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and a woman hurried in. A distinctly unpleasant person. Enid could not help thinking, with her querulous face and trumpery finery.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I thought

they'd brought my father in here—the landlady says he's met with an accident."

"He was stunned by a fall, but I hope it's not serious. Dr. Winter is with him. He must be kept very quiet, and they carried him into that spare bedroom opposite."

"Oh, dear, dear!" petulantly exclaimed the new-comer. "There'll be no end to the expenses! Three rooms to pay for, and a doctor besides! Well, we simply haven't got the money to do it—that's all!"

"I'll pay for the room—and the doctor besides," coldly answered Enid, revolted by her companion's hard selfishness.

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure," grudgingly conceded the other. "It isn't that I don't care about my father, but we've got nothing but what little he makes by giving recitations. Once we were very well-off, but through misfortunes we've lost all our money. Will you tell me your name?"

"I'm Enid Townsend. My father's Sir Charles Townsend—I daresay you may have heard of him—he's in Parliament. We live in London, in Chester Square."

Never had Enid beheld such a change in any human countenance as in that of her listener as she concluded. Her faded eyes sparkled into flame, her cheeks glowed, and her voice came in an angry hiss.

"Sir Charles Townsend's daughter! Then you're my own niece! And the old man you profess to be so anxious about is your grandfather! Yes, your grandfather—your mother's father!"

"Impossible! My grandfather died years ago!" gasped Enid, recoiling from the fierce anger in Mrs. Naylor's gaze.

"Oh, your mother told you that, did she? Well—it was like my sister Edith! There may be a more selfish, heartless woman in the kingdom than she is, but it would be rather difficult to find one! All these years she's been living in luxury, and allowed her own father and sister to be in want! She's ashamed of us because we're poor—afraid we might turn up to disgrace her before all her fine friends!"

"Perhaps she—she didn't know," stammered the horrified girl.

"Know! She knew well enough! She didn't care—that's all! She told us once, when we asked for a small loan, that she couldn't afford to acknowledge poor relations! She's the most selfish creature alive!"

With a sinking heart Enid, loyal daughter

though she was, inwardly felt that there was too much in this tirade that was true. Her mother *was* selfish. She called it ambition and proper pride, but many times the girl had been revolted by her patent want of consideration for others. But to be heartless and cruel to this poor, white-haired old man, toiling so hard for a mere pittance——!

It was a sadly dejected Enid who at length returned to the hotel. She found her mother lunching alone. Sir Maurice Goodman had been suddenly recalled to London, and had left Stonehill early that morning, she began peevishly to explain; and her husband, whom they had daily expected, wrote saying he could not possibly get away from business for weeks, and they must make their autumn plans without him.

Enid said very little, as she scrambled through an unwanted meal. But as soon as she and her mother were alone she told her all. The doctor did not consider her grandfather in absolute danger, but he was very weak from want of good food and proper care, and unless he had these his life must soon end.

Lady Townsend tried to justify herself, but there was something in the candid, girlish eyes bent on her which abashed her. The excuses she tried to form died on her tongue.

"He was your father—your own father," Enid reiterated.

In the midst of the discussion a telegram

was handed in. With a strange prevision of evil, Edith tore it open. Her husband wired that Sir Maurice Goodman had been found out in fraudulent transactions, and was now fleeing from the country, a disgraced bankrupt. Sir Charles himself was heavily involved in his speculations, and feared the worst, so his wife and daughter must return home forthwith.

* * * * *

It proved to be one of those complete failures so common nowadays. Sir Charles Townsend's prosperity had never rested on any stable foundation; and the woman who "could not afford to acknowledge poor relations" found herself reduced to the tiniest of incomes and a cottage in the unfashionable neighbourhood of Epping Forest.

But the reciter himself is better off than he ever hoped to be again in this life. An unexpected legacy and the offer of a good living enabled Henry Perrin to marry Enid, and in their pleasant country rectory Algernon Westlake will be tenderly cared for to the end of his days. Dora no longer saddens him by her reproaches. She positively summoned up enough energy to go out to Canada to look after the motherless children of a cousin who needed such help, and some magic in the New World has transformed her into something approaching a useful woman.



Our Portrait Gallery

NOT too old at sixty is the Rev. A. N. Cooper, of Filey, who is popularly known as "The Walking Parson." Whenever he can get a holiday he sets off with knapsack and notebook, and tramps along as far as his feet and his time will carry him. In this way his holiday tramps have extended

to Rome, to Venice, and to Buda-Pesth; while Denmark, Holland, and Belgium have been thoroughly explored on foot. Mr. Cooper believes that this is at once the finest way of spending a holiday, and the one which yields the greatest experience. It also has the merit of cheapness. All over the Continent, he says, money goes further than

in England, and in many countries a penny is divided into ten parts, every one of which will buy something, such as a cake, will pay the toll across a bridge, or may be put into the collection at church. He tells with great glee how in Denmark he lived on sixpence a day, and on one occasion had luncheon for a halfpenny.

MR. GEORGE HAY MORGAN, M.P., is an energetic religious worker who has made a success in two other walks of life. As a boy he won considerable fame for

his sermons, which were delivered with much natural eloquence and great cogency of reasoning. When he reached the years of manhood he became a Baptist minister, and for a time he occupied the pulpit at Woodberry Down. While thus engaged he studied for the legal profession, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. This step led to the



(Photo: Russell)
MR. G. HAY MORGAN, M.P.

resignation of his pastorate, and he now practises as a barrister. Neither his work at the Bar nor his attendance in Parliament when the House is in session accounts for all his energies, for he still keeps up his religious work, and frequently occupies the pulpit in one or other of the London churches. On one occasion he conducted the wedding service of a person whom he had defended successfully at the Bar on a serious charge.

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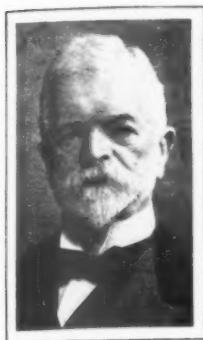
FAR away in Norfolk Island lives the Rt. Rev. Cecil Wilson, Bishop of Melanesia. Lovers of our national sport will remember him as a notable cricketer for Kent County. It was in 1894 that he accepted his present charge, which has provided stranger experiences and more adventures than fall to the lot of the average clergyman. The Bishop, it may be remembered, was one of the passengers on the ill-fated *China*, which went ashore off Perim about ten years ago. The vessel struck bottom when the ship's company were at dinner in the saloon, and although the whole of the party managed to reach shore in safety and get transferred to another home-coming liner, many of the ladies, who were in evening dress, had to grope their way in dainty satin shoes across the slimy rocks to a place of safety, and on a part of the coast which was as rough and uncongenial as any to be found in that particular quarter of the world.



(Photo: Russell)
THE BISHOP OF MELANESIA.

SIR JAMES D. DOUGHERTY, C.B., is the new Under-Secretary for Ireland; but politics and administrative work did not always engage his attention. For

many years he was minister of Belgrave Square Presbyterian Church, Nottingham, and he showed his broadmindedness in religious matters by his earnest advocacy in the General Assembly of the claims of Roman Catholics to higher education. During this time politics were steadily gaining on him, until at last he left the ministry. Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., says that Sir James is one of some half-dozen Presbyterian ministers who left the Church for the political arena, and that "in every one



(Photo: Lafayette.)
SIR JAMES DOUGHERTY.

of these cases the land question has been the moving power." The work in Parliament has not proved any easier than that of the pulpit, and Sir James's friends have noted the ageing effects of the last few years.

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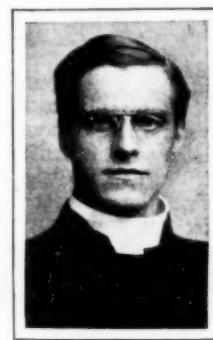
SIR PERCY WILLIAM BUNTING comes of a family which has long been noted for its work in the cause of religion. His grandfather was the famous Dr. Jabez Bunting. Of Lancashire stock, Sir Percy received his education first at Owens College, Manchester, and then passed on to Cambridge. He became a barrister, but his bent was towards journalism, and in 1882 he undertook the editorship of *The Contemporary Review*, which prospered greatly in circulation and influence under his wise guidance. For five years—from 1902 till 1907—Sir Percy was also editor of *The Methodist Times*, after the death of his friend, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. He has been associated with the West London Mission since its formation. He is deeply interested in the Peace movement and in all questions of national righteousness. Music is his delight, and he might have become an eminent composer had he so chosen. Lady Bunting, two of whose grandparents fled from Metz to escape religious persecution, originated the idea of the Girls' Guild of the National Free Church Council.



(Photo: Elliott and Fry.)
SIR PERCY BUNTING.

WHITECHAPEL is a quarter of London where the clergyman who would do his duty must scorn delights and live laborious days. It may not be worse than some other districts of the Metropolis, but it has need of all the religious influences that can be brought to bear on it. When a successor to the late Mr. Poynder, Rector of the Parish Church, had to be found, he was not readily forthcoming; but at length the Rev. G. M. Hanks consented to be transferred from St.

Bartholomew's, Islington, where he had worthily laboured. His church at Whitechapel is not the original chapel-of-ease for the mother church of Stepney, but a comparatively modern building, which was burned down soon after opening and had to be rebuilt. It bears the curious title of St. Mary Matfelon, the origin of which is not, as some have supposed, that in ancient days the Whitechapel matrons wrought vengeance on a French felon. The name appears to be a corruption of the Latin dedication, "Matri et Filio."



(Photo: Russell.)
THE REV. G. M. HANKS.

THE REV. J. STOCKWELL WATTS, whose death took place on the eve of his annual appeal for the victims of the "Liberator" disaster, gave several years to whole-hearted service of this cause, with the result that he was the means of raising thousands of pounds for the benefit of the poor people who have suffered through this financial trouble. It is sad to think that there are still a thousand aged persons, between sixty and seventy-five years of age, the majority of whom are widows and spinsters, who are dependent on this fund for the bare necessities of life. The office of the Liberator Relief Fund is 16, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and any gift, however small, will be heartily welcomed there. The patron of the Fund is Prince Christian.

The Making of Men

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR

By DR. J. R. MILLER

THE tree registers its age by annual circles of growth. The year that leaves no mark cannot be a worthy year. Phidias put himself under a still severer test. His motto was, "No day without a line": he must be a little better artist every evening than he was in the morning. Life that is not growing is decaying. Some people do not like to admit their age—they cannot endure the thought that they are growing older. But our only concern need be to put so much true and beautiful living into every year that the coming of a new birthday shall never shame us. We should be truly ashamed of any birthday, however, which marks an empty year, with nothing worth while in it to show that we have lived.

The Real Business of the World

The one real business of this world is making men. This is the one business of the Church. St. Paul tells us this in a noble passage in which he is speaking of Christ's work after His ascension. He gave some to be apostles, some prophets, some pastors and teachers. The purpose of all this giving of divinely endowed ministries was for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, till we all attain unto a full-grown man.

So the purpose of the Church is the making of men. Its ordinances and ministrations are for our perfecting. It is for this that we are to read the Bible. It shows us God. It keeps ever before us the life of Jesus Christ, Who was the manifestation of God. It makes known to us the will of God. It keeps us familiar with the true standards and ideals of living. It is for this also that we are to pray. Prayer lifts us up into communion with God, and kindles longings and aspirations in our hearts. It brings heaven down into our earthly lives, and thus helps toward our perfecting. Perfection seems ever beyond our reach, but every day should bring us a little

nearer to it. Life is a school, and we are always to be learners. We have to learn to be content, to be patient, to be kind, to forgive. All heavenly virtues and graces are lessons set for us, and as we learn them we grow toward perfection.

Another part of the work of the Church is to train us in the work of ministering. To minister is to serve. We are to learn to be always doing good. There are human needs and sorrows about us continually, and part of our business in this world is to be helpers of need and comforters of sorrow. No man is growing toward full manhood who is not becoming more sympathetic toward all human conditions and more helpful toward all who are weak or in want. It is important that Christians shall be honest, true, patriotic, just, and upright; but they may be all that, and yet not reach up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ in loving and serving others.

"Just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."

Some people become discouraged because they seem to be effecting so little in impressing or influencing others, but oftentimes the things which to us appear so small are really of greatest value in the end. He who gives but the faintest touch of beauty to another life does something which will remain for ever; and he who strives to do good, though he seem to fail, is rewarded.

The Legend of Fra Bernardo

There is a legend of a monk, Fra Bernardo. The monastery to which he belonged had vowed to erect a carved altar at Christmastide. All the monks had finished their part save Fra Bernardo. On Christmas Eve he knelt and told his Lord that he had failed—he had tried to do something worthy, but he had no skill, and was grieved. Then he prayed once more that he might be given skill to carve his heart's dream of beauty that very night, that he might not

altogether fail, for he loved his Lord. In the morning the monks found Fra Bernardo in his cell—

"Dead, smiling still, and prostrate as in prayer;
While at his side a wondrous carving lay—
A face of Christ, sublimely tender, sweet,
The work of Fra Bernardo was complete."

So will it be with all who appear to fail, but who continue to strive to do their best. At the last it will be seen that what seemed failure is full of the beauty of Christ. God finishes the work His faithful ones try to do for Him.

A Plan for Every Life

All this perfecting, training, and serving results in the full-grown man who will stand before God at the last. Christ takes us, first, as children, with our life immature, undeveloped, imperfect, but His work in us will not be complete until we have become men—strong, tall, noble, full-grown men. The sculptor has in his mind a vision of what he means to make before he strikes a blow on his marble, and every stroke is toward the fashioning of the stone into the beauty of his thought. God likewise has a plan for every life. It is never haphazard work that He does at any point. From first to last He seeks to bring the man in us up to the grace, strength, and nobleness of full-grown manhood.

The business of the farmer is to till his soil and gather good harvests. But God's higher thought for the farmer in all his work is the making of a man. The merchant supposes he is conducting his business for the convenience of his patrons and for his own enriching. But it meanwhile he is not himself being built up in strength and beauty of character, not growing toward Christlike manhood, he is not entirely successful, is not quite reaching God's thought for him, however prosperous he may be in a commercial way.

The same is true of all kinds of callings and occupations. They are right and pleasing to God if they are followed honestly and faithfully, but they are not life's ultimate ends. A man was not thought about in God's plan and then made, endowed with gifts and faculties, primarily that he might be a builder, erecting so many houses in his lifetime,

or a painter, ornamenting a certain number of buildings, or an artist putting on canvas noble pictures to win fame for himself and give pleasure and ennobling of mind and heart to those who look at them. These are all worthy things to do. But in and through all that a man does in this world in the way of work, all that he attains and achieves, and all the benefit he gives to society by his labour, the underlying thought of God is the making of manhood in the man himself. His carpentering, his building, his painting, his farming, his work as an artist, as a teacher, as a merchant, as a seaman, all the things he does among men are only incidents in the real work of his life—his growing into ideal character.

Religious teachers speak of certain exercises—prayer, Bible reading, acts of devotion, the sacraments—as "means of grace," acts of worship in which we receive the Divine blessing and are helped in spiritual growth. We may add to this list of means of grace all life's affairs and occupations. It is in these that we have the opportunity of applying the truths and principles we learn in the Holy Scriptures, and of putting in practice the lessons we are taught by the great Teacher. All of what we call our secular life is really a sort of scaffolding on which we work day after day, while we are rearing, beautifying, and at last finishing within, the temple of our own life and character.

"God is Making Us"

Thus the making of man is the ultimate end of all life, and the test of all that we do is not the material results achieved, the things people see and note in footing up what we have done, but the results we have wrought in ourselves, in our own life. St. Paul has this truth in mind when he says that the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are not seen are eternal.

The personal experiences of life are also to be thought of as all belonging to the processes in which God is at work on us, training and disciplining us into full-grown men. Many have troubles, sorrows, sufferings, losses, and distresses in their common days. Some find life

very hard. It may be sickness, with its pain and depression. It may be bereavement, which brings loneliness and sorrow. It may be the loss of money, which sweeps away the earnings of years and leaves want. It may be the failure of friendships which have not proved true, making the heart sore and empty. Some people are heard asking why it is that they must suffer so if God really loves them. We may not try to answer the question, for we may not attempt to speak for God; but we may always say, "God is making us."

Hard Days and Painful Days

Michael Angelo, as he hewed away at his marble, would watch the chippings fly under the heavy strokes of his mallet, and would say, "As the marble wastes the image grows." In the making of men there is much to be cut away before the hidden beauty will appear. The marble must waste while the image grows. We need never be afraid of the hard days and the painful things that come into our lives. If the marble had a heart and could think and speak, it might complain as the sculptor's cutting and hewing go on so unfeelingly, but when at last the magnificent statue is finished, the mystery of the hammer and chisel is made plain. This is what the artist was doing all the while. God's ways with us in His providence are incomprehensible. But when the life stands at last before God, complete, there will no longer be any amazement, any asking why. In all the strange and hard experiences God has been making men of us.

The Beginning of the New Year

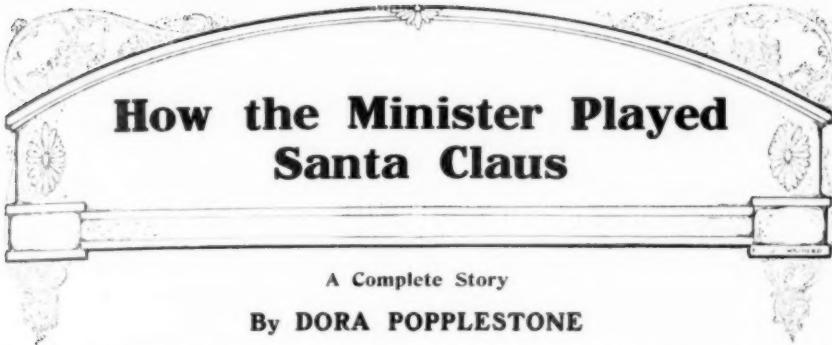
The ending of an old year and the beginning of a new one is a good time to think of these things. If we grasp the truth that the purpose of God for

us in all our life is the making of us, the building up of Christian character in us, it will greatly simplify all our life for us. It will make plain to us the meaning of many things which now trouble and perplex us. It will give us an inspiring thought concerning the meaning of our common work, our business, our occupation and calling. It will interpret our sorrows and crosses for us. It will give a unity to the meaning of all our experiences. None of them are accidental. They are not derelicts drifting into our lives and harming or destroying us, as the derelicts on the sea harm or wreck vessels in their course. Whatever may be the source of the hard things, they are taken into the hands of Christ, and do their part in the making of us. Nothing can harm us if we believe on Christ and are faithful to Him.

"The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest;
But any wind that blows is best.
The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will
Meets all its wants."

In a picture by Watts, "an old man, worn and feeble, lies back in his chair dying, and round him, dropped from his nerveless hands, are scattered the tools and signs of all that has been his in philosophy, in science, in art. Wearily he fades away amid the wreck of human greatness; and then, up above, an angel is bearing off his soul, new-born through death, in the form of a baby child, soft, white and warm—a child-soul." All the schooling, training, and disciplining of life, all that work does, that pain does, that love does, that friendship does, that experience does, that the grace of God does, is to bring us into fulness of growth, back to the beauty, the simplicity, the humility of a little child.





How the Minister Played Santa Claus

A Complete Story

By DORA POPPLESTONE

IT was Christmas Eve, and the minister sat in his study vainly endeavouring to fix his thoughts on his Christmas sermon. He had written page after page that day, but all his work was finally condemned to the bulging waste paper basket. Something was wrong with the minister—his heart was not in tune, and he could not wring a single note of melody from the discord within.

One of the deacons had said to him on Sunday, "You must try to cheer up, and give us a bright message on Christmas morning."

The words were kindly spoken, but the minister resented them at the time, and resented them again as he recalled them. It was all very well to talk about being cheerful, but where in all the wide world was found such desolation as had befallen him? Like the captives of Babylon, the minister found himself in "a strange land" of sorrow, and he felt it very hard that anyone should ask him to sing the Lord's song there.

The merry Christmas bells pealed joyfully outside, and their music penetrated even into the cosy study, but the minister had no ears for the message of peace and joy they brought. He threw down his pen impatiently, and buried his sorrow-lined face in his hands, while a groan escaped his lips. All the Gospel words of comfort and gladness that he had spoken so many times to sick and weary ones seemed helpless and useless touching his own great need. God had taken his wife from him, and the minister refused to be comforted.

It was all very well to say "Thy will be done" when nothing very momentous was at stake, but to say it under such terrible

affliction was a very different thing. For weeks the minister had been fighting this battle with his rebellious will, losing the victory, and thus missing all the comfort and blessing that God never fails to send with every dark cloud of affliction, if we but trust Him through all.

The sorrowing man called up picture after picture of his dear one—from the first time he had seen her, and resolved to win her, right on through all the happy years until now. She had been his best companion and helper in the different towns whither his work had called him, and everybody had loved and praised her. It seemed that such a useful life as hers might well have been spared longer: nobody but the minister knew the enormous amount of quiet good his wife had done—the erring footsteps she had led by her prayers and influence to the better way—the hungry ones she had fed—the sick and weary people she had nursed and comforted; and last, but not least, there were those six motherless bairns upstairs—the baby but a few weeks old—surely God might have spared her to them! So the old doubts rose again, and assailed the minister mightily, while the silver bells still softly chimed. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Presently the study door was gently opened, and the soft footfall of a little child roused the minister from his bitter musings.

He raised his head and frowned impatiently. Father was a very unapproachable being these days, and the little intruder's heart beat fast as she crossed the room to his side. Nanny had said, "You must not worry your father now, he is in such trouble";

but the urgency of the case had given the child courage, so she came and laid her little hand on his big one.

"Father," she said, "shall I see to the stockings?"

It was Freda, his first-born, and the one of all his little brood most like her whom God had taken away. The minister winced as the child's trustful grey eyes were raised to his own, so exactly the counterpart of those that slept the last long sleep that he could not bear to look on them. Then his thoughts wandered away to that time of great rejoicing in his home when God had first given this little child to them. He remembered the loving prayers and plans they had made on her behalf—God had seemed all goodness then—it seemed as though it could not be the same Father Who had so afflicted him now.

The pain such recollections brought caused another frown to cross the minister's face, and he answered irritably:

"What stockings?"

"The Christmas stockings, father," said the little voice. "Mother always hung them up, you know, on Christmas Eve. We couldn't disappoint the children this year, could we?"

"No! I suppose not, Freda," the minister said absently. "Do just as you like about it, child."

"Santa Claus will be *sure* to come just the same, don't you think, father? Bob said he would not; he said nothing nice ever happens now mother isn't here."

A picture presented itself to the minister's mind—a row of lean stockings hanging ready for the benevolent Santa Claus, and the weeping and desolation there would be in the morning if the stockings proved, on examination, to be still empty.

It was a most tiresome and unpleasant duty, and there was no time to be lost over the performance of it, either. He remembered his wife working at the presents for the stockings weeks before Christmas came—dressing dolls for the girls, and making balls and reins for the boys—and here it was Christmas Eve, and nothing ready!

"Tell Bob Santa Claus will be sure to come, Freda," the minister said, sighing.

But Freda did not go away, though her mission was now accomplished. Perhaps she saw something in her father's careworn

face that was akin to the big ache she carried so often in her heart nowadays, and maybe she wanted comforting, and to give comfort, though she could not have put her need into words had she tried.

But, sidling up yet closer to the stern, sad figure beside her, she whispered:

"Mother would be glad for the children to have a happy Christmas, wouldn't she, father? I think she looks down from the sky and watches us all, and loves us just the same, although she is so happy at home with Jesus. Don't you?"

There was such a wistful note in the inquiry that the minister looked down into the little face, realising that someone else mourned and suffered as well as his own broken-hearted self, and the first touch of healing fell on the inward wounds with balm.

"And you know, father, I am sure we all love Jesus better, and seem to know Him better, since mother is with Him, for we cannot think of mother now without remembering Jesus, and Heaven, where she is, and trying to picture her there. The children talk of it so much, and we are all trying to do everything Jesus would wish us to—even to be glad God took mother, though we wanted her so much. For Nanny says God loved mother, and wanted her too, and that ours would only be a very selfish love if we would keep her away from Jesus and Heaven, just to please us. Do you think she knows, father, and is glad to look down from the clouds and see her little children trying to follow her to Heaven?"

It seemed as though each sentence, as it fell in sweet simplicity from the little child's lips, helped to break the ice that had gathered in the poor minister's heart, and when the soft voice ceased, and those haunting eyes again searched father's face, he suddenly gathered the little being close to his aching breast, feeling that God had been merciful to him after all, in leaving him the blessing of a little child's love.

Great tears ran down his cheeks, much to the consternation of poor Freda, who felt she had indeed been wicked to worry poor father and make him cry so dreadfully; though, had she but understood, those tears were like the balm of Gilead to an overcharged heart.

"Oh, God, I thank thee," he cried. "Lord, I believe! Help, Thou, mine unbelief!"

Presently, to Freda's great joy, she found herself, as in old days gone by, carried up to bed in father's arms. He put her down gently at the nursery door, and left her with his tears and kisses on her little face, and his parting "God bless Freda" treasured sweetly in her heart. She knew not why, but somehow she felt strangely happy, for she vaguely began to understand that father's tears were not at all bitter ones.

And downstairs, locked in his study, the minister, like a wandering child come home again, spent a blessed hour in close communion with the Father.

* * * * *

It was very late when the minister went out of the street door, carrying a large bag in his hand, but the bells were still pealing out the Christmas chimes, and the shops were brilliant with light and tempting wares. There was plenty of hustling and laughter among the crowds that lined the pathway, but the minister passed swiftly and quietly along until he came to a huge toy bazaar, which he entered.

All had been plain sailing so far, but confronted with rows on rows of toys—tops, balls, Noah's arks, dolls—the minister felt quite unable to cope with the difficulty of selection, and only the memory of those silent, eloquent stockings at home prevented him from beating a hasty retreat.

The shop was full of people waiting to be served, so the minister stood patiently in one corner, absently holding a hideous black-faced golliwog that he had picked up from the counter, thinking it might be suitable for the diminutive stocking of the latest arrival.

Suddenly a hand grasped his with a hearty grip, and, looking round, he found himself confronted by the deacon who had so offended him.

"Buying presents for the stockings, I

can see," said the good man, with an amused glance at the golliwog. "Now I wonder if I can be of any use to you in the matter. I'm a family man myself, you know, and well versed in the peculiar wants of the bairns."

So, after all, it ended beautifully, for it was wonderful how much the deacon knew about the merits of the various toys, and in between whiles the two men had such a pleasant chat that the minister's heart opened like a flower to the sunshine of love again.

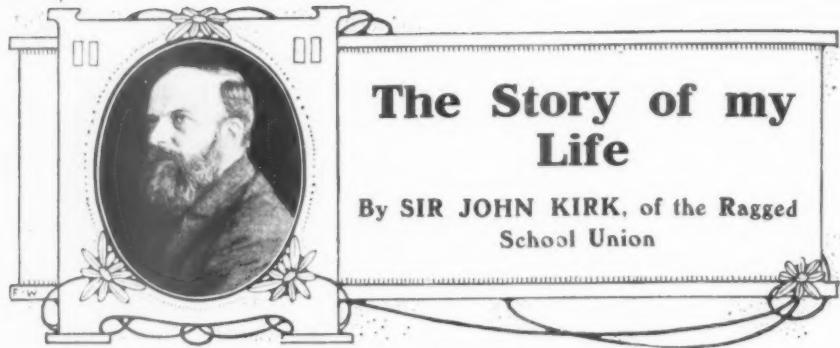
There was a large congregation on Christmas morning, and everyone agreed, after the service, that their minister never preached a better sermon, which was very likely true, for the Christmas message of peace and goodwill came from a full and overflowing heart.

The minister and his children ate their Christmas dinner together, and afterwards, as he was roasting chestnuts for them by the glowing fire, little Flossie, aged five, came and scrambled on his knee.

"Father," she said, "we forgot to tell you about Santa Claus being in such a hurry last night. He must have been dreadful late, or something, for he did it all wrong. Bob was so cross when he found Santa Claus had put a dolly in his stocking, only I changed with the gun I found in mine. Everybody had to change—it was so funny—for Santa Claus had mixed up all the stockings, and even put a story book for baby, when she doesn't know her letters yet. But I s'pose he's getting old, father, and cannot do it as well as he used."

Then the minister's eyes twinkled, and his lips twitched into a smile, which, like a sunbeam, chased away the sadness from his face, and seemed to give a promise of better days to come.





I.—Boyhood

I FIRST saw the light at the village of Kegworth in the agricultural district lying between Leicester and Derby. The Midland line runs through it, and outside it the river Soar ambles through the meadows before emptying itself in the Trent some four miles away. The population numbered only seventeen hundred, and clustered in nestling fashion around a very fine old church with lofty tower. Indeed, the appearance of the place generally resembles more that of a small town than of a mere village. If Leicestershire cannot lay claim to the rich greenery of Surrey, or the bold scenery of Devon, it has many charms of its own, and roadsters can get lovely views in the north-west of my native county.

My First Home

The house still stands in which I was born sixty-one years ago last June. It is a modest dwelling with a shop, my father being the village tinman and brazier, and, though at times employing several assistants, finding his income none too large for the rearing of a family of five sons and three daughters. He was a man of high moral qualities, and of an affectionate nature, with no parade of religion. He was specially attached to me, his second son, perhaps because I was of rather delicate health. When, in my thirteenth year, I was absent abroad for some months, the separation apparently told upon him. He died somewhat suddenly without my seeing him again, and with his death the out-

look of life for the family changed entirely.

No man is worth his salt who lacks regard for his mother. Of mine I write with whole-hearted reverence and devotion. To her example of diligence, and her inspiring patience and tenderness I owe what words cannot express. As I have often said, "A palace would have been a prison without mother. When she came in at the door, my sorrow went out by the window." She lived the allotted span of years, and her later life was gladdened by the fields of usefulness which God had permitted me to enter.

At my father's death, my mother continued business, efficiently aided by my eldest brother Samuel, a young man of bright, winsome temperament, whose early death at the age of twenty-seven was keenly regretted. My next younger brother, George, later on joined me in London, and became a solicitor. He passed away in 1860. Another brother emigrated to the United States, and the youngest, Charles, after a taste of London life, has settled quietly in the old home. Only one of my three sisters survives.

After Seeing the King

Now that I have lived fully threescore years, and am in the enjoyment of a fairly robust constitution, it seems wonderful that as a little lad I was a constant martyr to headaches and general debility. I had little strength for indulgence in play, and had to be content with watching the games of others. The Church school was

within a stone's throw of home, and there I stayed until I was ten years of age.

When in June, 1907, after receiving the honour of knighthood from the King, I spent several days in Kegworth, I was quite overwhelmed by the villagers' reception. The church bells rang; the village street was decorated and thronged. A busy Sunday was followed on the Monday by a public gathering at the village hall, which was crowded, and the kindly tributes of the speakers were beyond my deserts. But the most delightful incident was to stand, the next morning, in the new school built on the old site, and to recall to the new generation of boys and girls my experiences of the long ago. However modestly a man may think of himself, he cannot attain to riper years without being conscious of the influence which example, good or bad, exerts upon impressionable and younger minds.

Half a century ago, however, the educational standard of a village school was not high, and when I was strong enough my parents sent me to an academy in the town of Castle Donington, three miles away. Its master, Mr. Stenson, was a man of godly character, and anxious to do his best with and for his pupils, regarding the development of character as of more importance than book learning. In those days teachers used to write like copperplate, and set the copies. My friends tell me that sometimes nowadays my writing is barely readable. That must be due to haste and pressure, for years ago I used to be complimented on my penmanship.

Fifty years ago a large proportion of

the population was illiterate. To-day every soldier and sailor can write to his mother, wife, or sweetheart; and very few receivers of letters are unable to decipher them. But in my boyhood I was in quite frequent demand as friendly amanuensis. A husband writing to his wife, a widow to her son, and sometimes even lovers, would call in my aid to express on paper their wishes. These latter experiences were often highly amusing, and I was justly proud of the confidence shown in the youthful scribe.

I had another noteworthy experience, at the request of the village curate, in copying the old and faded parish registers of Kegworth, which go back over three hundred years. In the dreamy moods of those days I would sometimes look up from my work, and ease my eyes on the green-sward where lay the dust of old generations! A year later I copied matter of another kind. My good friend the clergyman was compiling a new hymn-book, and I wrote out

something like a thousand hymns selected from every available source. I cannot but feel glad that in these impressionable years such a current was given to my youthful thought.

Even more valuable to me was the taste for reading implanted or developed by my tutor, Mr. Stenson. In the dinner hour he talked with me sympathetically on many themes, and his high ethical standard was something worth reaching. He emphasised the value of reverence, and the grace of courtesy; he maintained a strict regard for truth; he despised slang, and practised stateliness of speech. Looking back, I can see that insensibly



SIR JOHN KIRK'S MOTHER.

he moulded my higher nature, and I owe him more than words can express. One of the earliest contributors to my recent testimonial was a relative of this man, who always mingled great kindness of heart with judicious firmness and discipline.

Lost on Market Day!

Among the incidents of this period, I recall being separated from my mother on a market day in a neighbouring town, when a good-natured policeman gave me shelter at the police station. I was found by my distressed mother, quietly and contentedly devouring a bun! Alike in the country and in the metropolis, I have learned to admire the almost unfailing patience and kindness of members of the police force. It is a constant pleasure to see a burly constable stop the traffic, and escort an old woman, or a nurse with her young charge, safely across the busy thoroughfare. In the handling of our cripples on the way to the railway stations they are extremely gentle. This is particularly the case at our big Children's Banquet in the ancient Guildhall, when the stalwart City constables assist with quite fatherly care in guiding and protecting the little diners.

Every year the Irish harvesters came to the "sleepy hollow" of Kegworth and its neighbouring farmsteads, and I have a distinct remembrance of the fear I had lest my father should come to any harm when the process of haggling was initiated by these excitable and queer talking emigrants, for the Celtic tongue was in more general use in those days.

It may interest my readers to know that I trace what may be called my religious impressions to an elder cousin, a godly woman who lived some way from the village. Occasionally I stayed with her, and was the recipient of great kindness. She prayed with me, and I sat in her class in the Sunday school. Often since I have myself been a teacher, and through all the years, the memory of this gracious soul has been like beams of sunshine on a cloudy day.

The Rev. Peter Lilly's Influence

Perhaps the chief agent in the actual moulding of my young life was the Rev.

Peter Lilly, then the curate of Kegworth. He is now the venerable octogenarian vicar of Collaton, near Paignton, in Devonshire, and it sounds paradoxical to record that forty-seven years ago his health, with that of his wife, long since passed away, was so frail that he had to winter in the Riviera. Yet so it was, and he made to my parents the startling offer to take me with him. Both father and mother were reluctant to be without me, but at length they consented, and in a few days I gazed upon a new world. I have since that time travelled a good deal in Europe and America, but nothing blurs the vision of those first fresh sights.

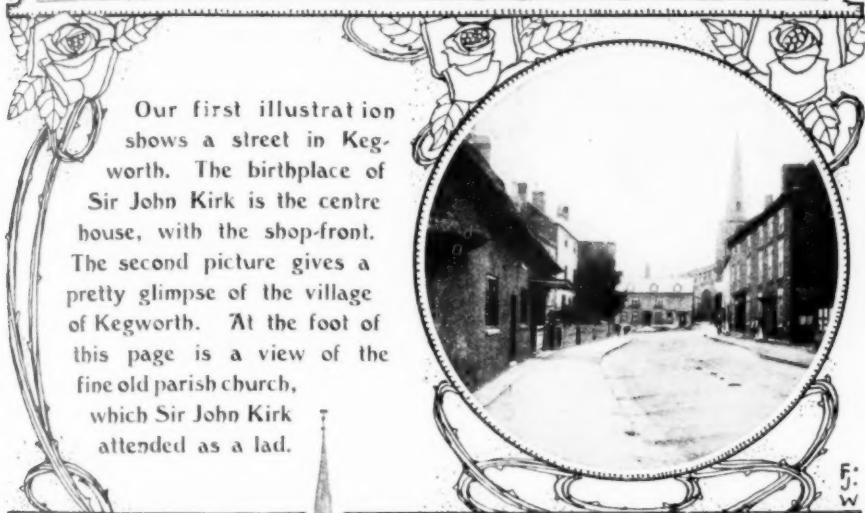
That "knowledge is power" is a world-wide axiom, and nothing adds so quickly and clearly to knowledge as mingling amongst other people, and visiting strange cities or foreign lands.

My First Journey Abroad

Remember, the whole journey was new to the young village boy. First of all came London the unlimited; then followed the rough seas of the Channel. In France I heard, for the first time under native conditions, a strange tongue in a strange land. I saw the genius of its people enshrined in the stones of Amiens Cathedral. Then came the wonders of Paris, the bustle of Lyons, the old-world air of Avignon, and the maze of Marseilles. We left the railway here for the diligence, and crept along the fairyland of the Riviera. Our chosen shelter at the then little known Mentone lay in the midst of an extensive orchard of lemons and olives, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean washing the strand outside the garden gate.

We stayed at this lovely centre for six months, and politically it was a time of moment. Napoleon III., having aided Italy to achieve independence, had annexed this part of Sardinia to France, and the state of public feeling was much disturbed in consequence.

On our return to Kegworth, Mr. Lilly continued his kindness, and I assisted him in his Good Samaritan influence amongst his parishioners. During an epidemic of whooping cough I weighed and packed the simple medicine he distributed to the sufferers. The village doctor openly sneered at this alleged



Our first illustration shows a street in Kegworth. The birthplace of Sir John Kirk is the centre house, with the shop-front. The second picture gives a pretty glimpse of the village of Kegworth. At the foot of this page is a view of the fine old parish church, which Sir John Kirk attended as a lad.



INTERESTING LANDMARKS IN THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN KIRK.

(Specially photographed for "The Quiver" by the Pictorial Agency.)

quackery. But he lowered his tone when he heard by a side-wind that his own wife had successfully applied the parson's remedy to her own children.

I visited constantly from home to home, as the bearer of appetising morsels for the bed-ridden, thus early gaining a knowledge of the habits and environment of the very poorest. This familiarity with the "simple annals of the poor" has not been altogether unprofitable in later life. I have no doubt that in aiding the administration of Old Age Pensions in London I shall find my acquaintance with the "ways and means" of the poorest folk of real assistance. It is work in which practical experience is an absolute necessity, in order that all the legitimate claimants may be awarded pensions and any attempt at fraud may be thwarted.

I presently accompanied Mr. Lilly to his new sphere at Paignton, where I remained until my sixteenth year. All my

evenings were spent with the village school-master, and so I continued my studies. I

was sub-librarian of the village library, and read or skimmed every volume which came in my way.

It is one of the happiest things in my life that my old patron is still one of my warmest friends and ever appreciative. Not long ago I spent a delightful holiday in the quiet vicarage at Collaton, and especially of late to me and to my friends have come charming letters.

Greatly did Mr. Lilly regret that old age and parish

duties made it impossible for him to be present at the meeting in my honour at the Mansion House a few months ago.



THE REV. PETER LILLY.
Who was a very kind friend to Sir John Kirk as a youth.

John Kirk

Next month Sir John Kirk will give reminiscences of his early years in London.

A SONG OF SUCCESS

ISING of triumph and of gold,
I sing the inmost hopes of men;
Sing, until dead souls call again
Those early visions long grown cold.
I sing by some predestined power,
Till every heart that covets life
Awakes and cries, "God give me Strife,
And give me Manhood for my Dower!"

I sing of sweet things left undone,
I sing of love lost by the way,
And precious small things, grave and gay,
Caught in this web of woven sun.
The early dawn notes wildly clear,
The tender treble of desire,
The sun of youth's own golden fire
this is the undertone you hear.

For Life still knows and takes its own -
Strange Life, imperative and brave -
And urges, "While one soul's to save
You and your song are never done!
For all the listless, leaning world
That has not fought, or swooned, or died
Or pressed its youth into this tide,
You must sing on, with Hope unfurled."

So sing I of the Great Success,
The Capture of the Soul's domain,
The failure that may not remain,
The outward flight beyond redress.
And God alone gives Song the breath
That urges it, so great, so clear,
Far out above the fields of fear,
On to Himself through Life and Death.

KATHERINE HALE.



"' You don't remember me ? I thought I should like to come and see little Johnnie Yorke turned into the Rev. John Yorke, M.A.'"—p. 220.

What Vyvian Did

A Complete Story

By MABEL KING

JOHN YORKE, the newly appointed minister of the great mission in Warwick Street, stood for the first time on the platform, and looked at the sea of faces that lay before him. He had known something of what he would have to meet, and he had nerv'd himself for his first service in the way that always helped him best : he had knelt in the quietness of his own study, and prayed for guidance, prayed that he might never forget Whose work he was attempting to do.

They were just the sort of faces he had expected to see—thin, sad, careworn faces ;

careless, scornful, hard faces ; coarse, bloated sensual faces ; faces which showed that sickness and disease were making ravages on feeble frames ; faces that made a man's heart faint unless he stood firmly on "The Rock of Ages." Then a curious thing happened, for John Yorke caught sight of a face at the end of the great hall that seemed to him familiar, and he began to wonder where and when he could have met that tall, haggard, defiant-looking man ? He could not give himself up to an effort of memory, however, for the hymn came to an end, and he had to continue the simple service.

When at length his words came to an end he prayed that God might give a blessing, and that some heart might be won for Him that night. The men and women trooped away. John Yorke spoke to those he could reach, and on every side he heard clumsy words that told him he had "taken on" and promises to "come again." Then he saw approaching him from the end of the hall the man whose face had troubled him with its strange look of familiarity. This man, tall and powerful, with a hard, defiant face, that yet seemed to have traces about it of some refinement, walked up to John Yorke and said in a would-be careless tone :

" You don't remember me ? I thought I should like to come and see little Johnnie Yorke turned into the Rev. John Yorke, M.A. "

John Yorke started ; the mocking smile, the strange words, affected him, and he asked, looking searchingly into the defiant face as he did so, " Where have you known me ? "

" Oh ! " replied the man in the same would-be careless way, " I knew you in the past, when you were at Renton."

John Yorke was puzzled. Renton ? He thought of that well-known public school, with all its magnificent equipment for the education of boys, and ran over the names of janitors who had served in the years that he had been there. He checked himself, for his keen glance told him that the haggard man was prematurely aged, and in the time of his own schooldays he, too, must have been a boy.

" How did you come to know anything of Renton ? " he asked.

" I was there on the same business that you were," was the nonchalant answer.

John Yorke started in something like horror. Was it possible that one of those merry, laughing, careless boys had come to this ?

" What is your name ? " he asked. " I can't recall you in any way. Renton days are long since past."

" I might refuse to tell you my name," said the man bitterly. " Or I might be mean enough to say it was ' John Smith ' or ' John Jones.' If I did, you would believe me ; but I am too proud to come here on false pretences. My name is Burton. Once I was Philip Burton, who was head of his

form at Renton ; now I am a poor remnant of the wreckage of society, and have the proud distinction of being the man most feared in our doss-house."

The minister's sensitive face grew paler than before.

" Come into my room," he said, and led the way to a small, comfortably furnished room, where they could speak in private. " Burton," he continued, " this is a shock. You were such a clever fellow. How have you come to this ? "

" It would take a long time to tell you," said Burton, evidently more touched by the minister's emotion than he cared to show. " The downward path is painfully easy—it's the getting out of the mire that is the business, for there comes a time when the mire becomes, to a certain degree, agreeable."

" Burton," cried the minister, " wasn't your father a minister at Watton ? "

A sudden crimson suffused the man's hard face as he answered :

" Yes, don't fret about that. I'm the black sheep of the flock."

" Is your father living still ? " John Yorke knew that he must be, for England would have re-echoed with the news if that well-known and dearly honoured man had been called to rest.

" Yes," replied the man in a tone that would have fain been as careless as that in which he had spoken before. " He is alive, but he thinks that I am dead. I had this much grace left, that I hated to bring sorrow on the old man. He missed his chance with me, but he is a good man. I managed to get the news of my death conveyed to him. It's too long a story to tell you to-night, but they have none of them any suspicion that I am alive, and I wish them to remain in ignorance."

The men sat for some time in close conversation, then the minister held out his hand.

" You know where I am living. Come and see me. Come and have supper with me to-morrow night." Then he added : " Come about seven o'clock."

Philip Burton started. " No, thanks," he said. " I'm not fit."

" I mean it, Burton," said John Yorke. " I want to have a good talk with you. Do come."

He looked pleased when Burton muttered something which he took for a promise.

The next night the two men were talking in John's study—Burton trying to feel at ease, and John Yorke prayerfully wondering how he could help this poor "black sheep"—when the quick sound of eager little feet was heard in the hall, and a moment later the door opened, and Vyvian, the five-year-old darling who was the very joy of life to John Yorke and his wife, came laughing into the room. She paused, and the laughter died on her lips.

"I didn't know you had a"—she flushed a little and then finished her sentence—"a gentleman here. Mary didn't want me to say 'Good-night,' but I told her that mother always let me come, and that I never spoilt your sermons, 'cause I just kissed you quite softly and came out. Don't I, father?"

"Yes, darling," he said, drawing the child to him, and kissing her fondly.

"Mother is at the sewing-meeting, I know,

and Mary doesn't understand like mother does. Now wish us 'Good-night,' my girlie, for it is time all the little birds and flowers and little girls were fast asleep."

As he spoke he was watching Philip Burton, and noting with inward surprise the effect the child had made on him.

She was a lovely little girl, bright and healthy, and full of that sunshiny quality which is only seen in dearly loved and cherished children. She was clad in a pretty pale blue dressing gown, her tiny feet were in blue felt slippers, her pretty curls were tossed and tumbled, and her face rosy; she had come, as was her nightly custom, fresh from her bath to kiss her father before going to bed.

"Good-night, my own darling," said John Yorke tenderly. "God bless you."

Her arms were flung round his neck, and she kissed him rapturously; then she was in a dilemma. She looked at Philip Burton,



"See, I will give you a kiss," cried Vyvian"—p. 222.

and a wistful look stole into the pretty eyes ; then she slipped her hand into his and said in a soft, cooing voice :

" Have you a little girl ? What is her name ? I'm Vyvian. I'm a big girl. I'm five."

" No, darling," Philip Burton answered gently, and the minister marvelled as he heard him speak. " I have no little girl ; I have no one to love me."

" Oh ! " cried Vyvian, and her sweet eyes filled with the sacred tears of pity. " I'm so sorry, so very sorry. See, I will give you a kiss."

Then she pressed her pure baby lips against the man's hard face, and slipped quietly out of the room.

" You must forgive me, Mr. Yorke," Philip faltered. " I could not repulse that dear child, but I know that you feel angry ; I am not fit for her to kiss."

John Yorke was a firm believer in " opportunities," and he never consciously missed them. He felt this to be an " opportunity."

" Burton," he said, " you misunderstand me. God forbid that I should have attempted to hinder my little girl. Burton, let me speak plainly to you. You can become fit. There is a mighty power in the world ; it is one of the mightiest factors for good that we ministers know of—it is repentance. When a man repents, then I have hope that he will ' come to himself,' and get tired of ' being in the far country.' Philip Burton, how came you, with all your gifts, with all your home training, into the abyss that you are in ? Take my hand, Philip, and let me, for the sake of Him Who died for us, raise you out of this miserable life."

Then John Yorke said softly : " Let us pray," and the two men—the one with his full, earnest, consecrated life, the other with his long record of wasted years and of selfish pleasure—knelt side by side while the minister prayed for forgiveness and for pardon. Philip Burton left the minister's house that night a different man, for he had an object before him, something to live for.

" I want you to be very kind to that poor gentleman, darling." John said to Vyvian. " He is very lonely, and he is sad. He will be glad if someone loves him." He knew the sweet innocence of his child's young heart, and he smiled, for when Philip Burton

next came Vyvian slipped her hand into his and said softly : " I will love you ; I'm so sorry that you have no one to love you." Then she lifted up her flower-like face, and Philip Burton felt his whole soul thrill with thankfulness as he kissed it. Souls are won in many different ways. It needed a long, hard journey and a fiery light to win St. Paul. A little child's hand slipped into his, sweet lips pressed against his, did the work for Philip Burton—he had entered into a new life.

John Yorke waited till he could speak with certainty of him ; then, when Christmas was drawing near, he wrote to the old minister whose name was honoured throughout the land, and who mourned in sorrow the death of his wayward son, and told him all. " He will be with us on Christmas Day," he wrote. " For we have all three learned to love him. Come, too ; come and stay with us ; the sweet influence of the day will do the rest, and you will rejoice over your son ' that was lost, and is found ! '

When the short service was over that Christmas morning, John Yorke and his friend walked away together. Philip Burton looked a different man in every respect, for he was keeping the appointment John had obtained for him, and was proving that he had good abilities. The door was flung open to welcome them, and Vyvian kissed them both in a fervour of delight.

" I do so love Christmas," she said. " A happy Christmas, Mr. Burton."

Philip Burton smiled, and his eyes lighted up with love. " God bless you, dear," he said.

" Come this way for a moment, Philip," said John Yorke, and he led the way to his study. He held the door open, and Philip Burton walked in with that smile in his eyes. John closed the door and came away. An old man was sitting there—an old man with sad eyes and white hair—and Philip Burton knelt down by his side, and sobbed aloud. Then he told his father all his story, and when he had finished the old man said : " God bless her. It is still true that a little child shall lead them. It is never a better time to learn this than now, when our dear Lord was Himself a child. You must come home, my son ; for, thank God, you dare no longer say you have no one to love you."



A CLEVERLY COMPILED ALBUM RECEIVED FOR OUR COMPETITION.

Our Album Competition

OUR Album Competition has been a splendid success, and I take this opportunity of thanking all the members of the League of Loving Hearts for their kind interest and helpful labour. The award of prizes was announced in our last issue, and the addresses of the prize-winners show how wide an area the competition covered.

The First Prize

The First Prize—a magnificent gramophone, which we owe to the generosity of the Gramophone Company—was awarded to Miss Lucie Adams, and she has written to me expressing her great delight. Her album was far and away the best, for skill and beauty, which we received, and the judges had no hesitation in awarding her the First Prize.

The Hospitals are Grateful

Many of the competitors expressly mentioned that they would not be disappointed if they did not receive prizes, for they were chiefly concerned to provide nice albums for the hospital patients. I am quite sure that the gratitude already expressed by many of the leading hospitals for the albums will more than compensate all competitors for the trouble they have taken in the matter. I have had the pleasure of sending albums to

about fifty hospitals in the following cities: London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Cardiff, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Plymouth, Norwich, Newcastle-on-Tyne, etc. We have had letters from these hospitals warmly appreciating the gifts. "Many a weary hour will be made happy for our patients by your splendid albums," writes one hospital secretary. The albums will pass from patient to patient, and I am certain the tender chords of memory will reverberate as the eye falls on familiar scenes of childhood. In this way, the work of our competitors will give pleasure to thousands of sick people all over the United Kingdom.

Points about the Albums

It may be interesting to note a few points with regard to the albums which were sent to us. One album was devoted entirely to Welsh views, another to Scotch cards, and another to Sussex cards. One album came from an old lady who said she had neither "time nor talent to make it artistic," though it was really a very creditable piece of work. Another album had beautiful Californian views, and the sender, who lives in Los Angeles, had made little sketches on the pages.

One member of the League mentioned she was seventy-eight years old, and every

year sends some scrapbooks to a cottage hospital. One album was ingeniously composed of advertisements; two came from the West Indies; one had a handsome embroidered cover. From distant Barbados came an album from a little girl, aged four and a half years, who is a member of our League of Loving Hearts.

pasted on both sides to prevent the tapes cutting through the cards. One album had a pathetic interest, for the sender passed away before our Competition concluded. It was forwarded by her friend, who mentioned that it was almost her last loving act before her illness, and it was her express wish to send it to cheer the sick and lonely.

From the Far East

One album—and a very nice one—came all the way from Japan, and others were made by readers of THE QUIVER in Australia, showing the widespread interest evoked by our Competition. The covers of some of the albums were ornamented by fancy needlework. In many cases texts and hymns illuminated the pages.

A Story Album

One competitor sent an album of views, and round the borders of each page wrote a story in a pleasant, intimate way which could not fail to interest any patient who was fortunate enough to see the book. The Competition has proved once again the ingenuity and originality of our readers when their efforts are enlisted in a good cause. I shall hope, later on, to arrange another plan by which the energies of the members of our League of Loving Hearts can be employed to good purpose. It is

obvious that they are ready and willing to do what they can to brighten the lives of the poor and suffering. It is delightful to think of the host of sick persons—men, women, and children—who will enjoy the hundreds of albums which have been made by our members.

In conclusion, I must again thank one and all who participated in this Competition for their capital albums, which made a fine display before they were finally despatched to the various hospitals all over the land.



A HEAP OF ALBUMS AWAITING DESPATCH TO THE HOSPITALS.

Animals formed the subject of one album, and another competitor sent in a book on dogs and cats.

An Ingenious Album

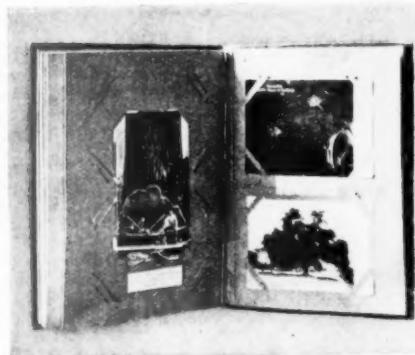
More than one album came from India, and others came from South Africa. One competitor, a Colonel, with great thoughtfulness sent an album specially adapted for sick children who are always lying down. He had ingeniously employed card targets discarded by the local rifle club. Each card had a strip of linen



A FOREIGN ALBUM WITH PRESSED FLOWERS.



A PRETTY PICTURE ALBUM.



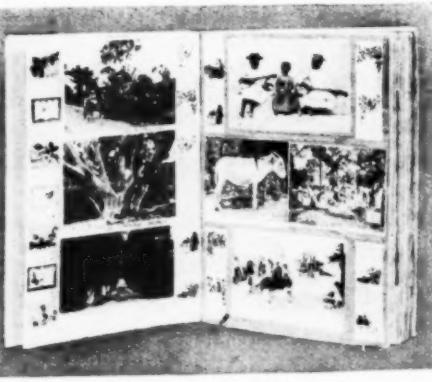
AN ALBUM FROM CALIFORNIA.



AN ALBUM WITH CHARMING HAND-PAINTED FRONTISPICE.



A SCOTTISH ALBUM.



AN ALBUM FROM BARBADOS.

Bubbles

A Complete Story

By BRIDGET O'BRIEN

ALTHOUGH friends of only a few weeks' standing, they were nevertheless true comrades in every sense of the word. Already they had cemented the magic bond of union, and their joys and sorrows were common property, their trust and satisfaction in one another perfect, and because their present pastime was carried on in silence—blowing bubbles together on that sunny summer day—the children's bliss was none the less complete.

Seated on two low stools on that shady lawn, a basin of billowy soap-suds between them, a long clay pipe in each right hand, they were engaged in friendly competition, as with heads thrown back and eyes half closed in dreamy contemplation, they watched the airy bubbles as they wafted upwards one after the other, in silent ecstasy. Then, as one larger and brighter than its predecessors followed suit, the silence was broken by eager exclamation—

"Oh, how lovely!"

"Oh, what a beauty!"

"I see pink—blue—gold—"

"I see yellow—violet—green—"

"There, it's burst!" came the mournful duet, as the bubble vanished, and a little shower of spray fell on the upturned faces.

As in childhood dreams of the present are for ever intermingled with possibilities of the future, so into the boy's mind stole a faint analogy to that larger bubble—life.

"When I am a man," he began reflectively, flaking up the contents of the basin for further use, "when I am a man—"

"When I am a woman," chimed in his companion, dabbling her small hands in the suds, and speaking quickly and excitedly, "when I am a woman I'll be tall, and rich, and beautiful. I'll have lovely dresses, and heaps of grand friends, and I'll drive in a carriage every day, and—and—I'll marry a man with millions and billions of money, and live happy ever afterwards!"

"That is all very well for a woman," returned he with unconscious disdain, "but that sort of thing won't do for me. When

I'm a man I shall be a doctor like father, and set people's legs, and cut off their arms, and everybody nearly will send for me, and I'll have a house in Harley Street!"

They laid aside their pipes, left their stools, and betook themselves to a bank at the far end of the lawn, where they lay dreaming dreams of delightful anticipation, until called back to the demands of the present by the clanging of the nursery tea-bell.

"And when you are a woman," said the boy, pausing at the entrance to the nursery, and speaking with an air of condescension, "we'll still be chums, you know; and if you cut your head, or break your nose or anything, if you come to me I'll mend you."

"All right, I'll remember!" she nodded gravely, and the conversation dropped as they hurried in and prepared for the function of nursery tea.

* * * * *

Twenty years—how time flies! It had transformed Norah into a graceful woman of seven and twenty, a woman of means and position. She lived in the West End of London now, and shared her home with an elderly companion. The uncle whose ward she had been from her childhood days had recently died, leaving her practically alone in the world as regards near relatives, but surrounded by friends, and eagerly sought after by many. She used the good things of this world "as not abusing them," appreciated the beautiful in nature and art wherever they were to be found, and from this fuller conception of life derived happiness, its own sure reward.

In one spot, especially, she centred her interest and her bounty, a large children's hospital in the heart of London. It was in passing down one of the wards one day, her hands laden with flowers, her bright words and tender sympathy lavished here, there, and everywhere on the little sufferers, that she met the friend of her childhood—Cuthbert Ogilvie. Not that they recog-

nised one another at the time, the years had changed them too much for that. He saw in her merely a beautiful and well-dressed woman, with that truest of all womanly charms, "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise." She saw in him a young doctor, dark, earnest, and alert to the needs and sorrows of a little child, with a face in which tenderness and strength blent one with the other, "the face of one who might be trusted," she thought as she moved away.

Dr. Ogilvie was already making strides in his profession; already, at the age of thirty, was secretly marked by his contemporaries for greater things. Indeed, it seemed as if Harley Street might yet be in the future. But nowhere did he appear to greater advantage, never did he grapple more with the needs and emergencies of the hour, than when he dealt with the sorrows and sufferings of the little ones, and made their cause his own.

For many a day the friends of long ago met and passed on their way as strangers, and it was the over-ruling of Providence, and the need of a little child, that at last brought one in touch with the other.

Dr. Ogilvie stood beside a little patient's bedside one evening with a baffled and anxious expression. It was a serious case, as the nurses standing gravely by his side could testify. All that skill could devise had been accomplished, and the child lay in a fretful, semi-conscious condition. Unless sleep could be wooed, and rest come to the weary little frame, there was but one alternative—death. All endeavours failed, the child lay moaning and chattering restlessly.

"Want the lady to sing to me," she muttered; "the lady with the flowers, pretty lady!"

The doctor turned abruptly.

"This lady, whoever she is—send for her, if you know where to find her. It is the child's only chance. Stay, nurse! Perhaps you will go yourself? I will watch until your return," and hurriedly the messenger departed on her errand of mercy.

The time dragged by, endless it seemed to the anxious doctor, yet in reality little more than an hour had passed before light quick footsteps traversed the ward, and a low sweet voice addressed him.

"Oh! the poor little thing. May I

move her? Thank you. Perhaps if I were to take her in my arms I could get her to sleep. There! there!" eagerly taking the little sufferer in her arms and seating herself in a low chair, "here is your lady, then, little one, and now go to sleep."

She crooned a tender lullaby and cradled the child gently until by and by the stiff little fingers relaxed, the face fell into peaceful lines, the eyelids dropped drowsily over the tired eyes—the child slept.

"Everything depends on this continuing. Can you hold her?" whispered the doctor.

"I will, somehow or other," came the bright response. "Don't think about me."

Slowly the night wore away, and still Norah sat on with the little girl in her arms. Her face grew pale and tired, her eyes and figure drooped wearily, but it was not until the early hours of the morning that she relinquished her charge. Then the child stirred and opened her eyes with an understanding smile. The doctor's hand went to her pulse; he listened to her breathing; then he stooped and lifted her gently from Norah's cramped arms.

"It is all right," he smiled reassuringly; "the child's life is saved—with care she will pull through—and now we must see to you!" for the tension relaxed, reaction set in, and Norah sank back white and trembling.

But rest and refreshment soon restored her, and seated in a quiet room, she awaited the cab, for which the doctor had sent, to convey her home. It was just as she left that Dr. Ogilvie put the question that had for some time hovered on his lips:

"And may I know to whom we owe this great kindness? Strange to say, though we have often met, I am not yet aware of your name."

"Certainly," she said; "Miss Hamilton is my name—Norah Hamilton," and she looked at him with a slightly questioning smile.

"Is it possible?" with a start. "Then surely we are old friends? Have you altogether forgotten Cuthbert Ogilvie?"

"Never!" she exclaimed impulsively, extending her hand. "That accounts for it! Your voice and manner seemed strangely familiar. I thought we had met before! Ah, those dear early days in the Highlands, I shall not soon forget them. But you must call and see us, Dr

Ogilvie, for old times' sake at least," and smilingly she claimed his promise ere she drove away.

In the midst of his busy life it obtruded itself persistently before him, that vision of a sweet earnest face, bent anxiously over a sick child, that picture of womanly pity and care; and before many days were gone, Dr. Ogilvie discovered that he had found his ideal—in the person of the little friend of long ago.

The summer days sped on, and the old intimacy was resumed, with mutual appreciation. At an early date Dr. Ogilvie fulfilled his promise, and either in the hospital or in other social ways they constantly met. Norah grew unknowingly to look for his visits, to miss his voice and step when he did not come, to rely on his opinions and judgment; in short, her whole heart unconsciously went out to him. That he was "a man to be trusted" she realised more and more as time went on.

Then came days when the doctor was too busy to look up his friends, days when he became distant, and the harmony of life somehow seemed to jar. For Cuthbert Ogilvie came to know to what their friendship was tending. He was a comparatively poor man, with only prospects before him. What position had he to offer a wealthy woman? And because he could not content himself with Norah Hamilton's friendship he almost withdrew from her companionship altogether.

Norah Hamilton sat in her drawing room with troubled face and tear-dimmed eyes. The bank in which all her wealth was entrusted had suddenly and unexpectedly failed, and poverty stared her in the face.

She wondered drearily what she would do for a livelihood—be a companion or governess, she supposed. But at eight-and-twenty such an outlook is not inspiring after a life of ease and luxury. Above all, she felt the intense loneliness of life; she longed for kith and kin, to have the sense of belonging to someone, someone with whom she could share her joys and sorrows. And here her feelings completely overcame her, and burying her face in her hands she sobbed bitterly.

Then it was that a caller was announced,

and turning in startled dismay she saw Cuthbert Ogilvie coming towards her with outstretched hands, and sympathy and concern in every line of his countenance.

"Miss Hamilton—Norah! Whatever is the matter?"

"Only the ups and downs of life," she answered with a wavering smile; "my riches have taken to themselves wings and flown away, and I am not yet resigned to the inevitable."

"And what is the inevitable?" he asked.

"To be a governess or companion, I suppose, Dr. Ogilvie! There is absolutely nothing left."

"Nothing? Then listen one moment! Norah, I came this morning to tell you that I have had the offer of a partnership in a flourishing practice. I intend to accept it on one condition only—if I take my wife with me. I have loved you for long, dear; will you share my home? It is not much that I can offer, but your news makes me speak. I care so much!"

"So do I," she answered softly. "Cuthbert, riches have flown away, but love has come."

* * * * *

They were seated in a railway carriage bound for their honeymoon in bonnie Scotland, and as they compared notes of happy memories, and built castles of future bliss together, the time sped quickly away. The train drew up in Carstairs Junction, and with smiling eyes she directed his attention to a large picture that stood forth artistically above the white walls and grime—Millais' "Bubbles."

"Do you remember, Cuthbert," she queried, "the day when as children we blew bubbles together, and talked of what we would be?"

"Yes," he replied, with a proud glance at her sweet face, "and I remember also that my wife was going to 'marry a man with millions and billions of money, and live happy ever after.' Norah, I wish it were in my power to give them to you, dearest!"

"Ah, but they were only bubbles," responded she serenely, "bubbles, beautiful and bright, that have had their day. But, Cuthbert," her eyes turned to his in wifely devotion, "I am perfectly happy and satisfied, dear, and my greatest blessing of all came down when the bubbles burst!"



"Here is your lady, then, little one, and now go to sleep!"—p. 227.



"Nerves"

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

THERE is no more pathetic figure in modern civilisation than the "martyr to nerves." That nervous maladies are becoming increasingly common is generally acknowledged. Neurasthenia, hysteria, and nervous ailments generally are the product of this complex age in which we live. People who live at high pressure, who "go the pace" in an unwise attempt to get twice the amount of work or pleasure into the twenty-four hours as can reasonably be expected, have to pay Nature's penalty in the end. Irritability, worry, and sleeplessness are the first symptoms. They are Nature's warnings that we are overdoing it, that we should call a halt if we desire to escape the nervous exhaustion that is the penalty of living at high pressure. They indicate the need of more rest and sleep, of simple diet and simple living in the real sense of the word. We have only a certain amount of energy. If we are always on the rush, always working at high tension, bustling and hustling through life, the time will, assuredly come when our nervous systems will rebel.

Idlers should be Pitied

The second great cause of "nerves" is, not overstrain but the opposite condition, lack of occupation. Many so-called nervous subjects suffer from too easy a life, from lack of real work and interests, from boredom and *ennui* and satiety. They are not the workers, but the idlers of the world, but they are none the less to be pitied

and helped. When regulated work is the proper cure of their complaint, they fly to drugs, to rest cures, to hypnotism and faith healing, with more or less satisfactory results.

The Danger of Drugs

Tonics and stimulants, headache powders and "cures" for sleeplessness offer at best only temporary relief. They may stimulate or soothe or act as anodynes against pain for the time being, but there comes inevitably the reaction. The after depression is but accentuated, natural sleep is further off than ever, and the poor unstable nerves are in a worse condition than before. In nervousness, as in all other complaints, we must get at the cause of the condition and remove it. Drugging the symptoms is useless. The only real cure is removal of the cause. That "suggestion" will effect a cure in certain cases must be acknowledged.

But "suggestion," like other forms of therapeutic treatment, should come from qualified people, and hypnotism is a dangerous weapon to be avoided more especially by those of unstable mental equilibrium afflicted with "nerves." Further, where suggestion or psychical treatment may cure hysteria and allied nervous maladies, it will have absolutely no effect on those nervous conditions which are due to some local condition, some unsuspected irritation of the teeth or ears, or to an error of refraction. Defective vision is a very common cause of neuralgia, headache and "nerves."

The so-called "neurotic woman" is often but the victim of an unsuspected error of refraction, of astigmatism or presbyopia, so called long sight, which entails a constant effort to focus near objects. In such cases, reading, writing or sewing will produce excessive fatigue of the muscles of accommodation, and headache and nervousness are the direct results. The only cure for "nerves" due to this cause is to procure suitable glasses.

"Nerves," again, are sometimes due to the irritation of a decayed tooth producing facial neuralgia and "nerves" from the constant pain. An apparently sound tooth has often an inflamed pulp, and careful examination by a dentist is necessary to determine whether the mouth is free from irritation. Neuralgia which is allowed to go on unchecked will often produce a state of chronic "nerves" because people get into the habit of nervousness, and actually come to enjoy in some measure their chronic ill-health.

The Cure of "Nerves"

The first thing the martyr to "nerves" should do is to give up self-drugging and self-treatment of all descriptions. Only a doctor can determine whether nerves are due to some diseased condition. A lay person cannot possibly decide whether his eyesight or his teeth are at fault. He cannot know whether his blood is healthy, or whether improper feeding is producing a condition of self-poisoning, unhealthy blood and consequent derangement of the nervous system, but he can decide whether he is living a healthy life. Plenty of outdoor exercise is one of the best cures for "nerves." A daily walk of five miles, the cultivation

of an outdoor hobby, a love of sport and games of all kinds are valuable factors in the cure and prevention of "nerves." Judicious exercise, followed by judicious rest, should be your aim. The man or woman who works hard especially requires proper rest and sleep. Sleep is Nature's restorer. It is whilst we sleep that the products of fatigue are eliminated from the body, that tissue repair and recuperation are accomplished. The fashionable "rest cures" provide enforced rest and compulsory quiet, which are simply Nature's remedies for overstrain.

A "Rest Cure" at Home

The harassed brain-worker who finds himself "at the end of his tether" from strain and overwork should try the effect of a modified "rest cure" at home. A day or a week-end in bed is far better than any drugs you can buy if your "nerves" are due to overstrain and lack of rest. Learn how to relax. Cultivate a quiet mind, a habit of repose. Overwork is not so likely to cause "nerves" as worry, lack of method and eternal rush and bustle. The craze for country cottages is an indication that people are realising the need for regular periods of rest and quiet, away from the crowd and the hustle of life. But many people must live always in the noise and racket of city life. What of them? If they live the strenuous life they must cultivate the quiet and restful mind. It is possible to achieve mental and spiritual repose amidst the turmoil of everyday life. We can make a habit of quiet. We can cultivate a quiet mind, and thus emerge strong and reliant from all the worry and rush and disappointment of daily life.



Hints for Children's Parties

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

JANUARY is the month of all others when the children expect to reign supreme in the household, and probably on account of the difficulty of disposing satisfactorily of the holidays, so many of which must be spent indoors, the first three weeks of the New Year are generally devoted to entertaining and paying return visits to their young friends. It is not the easiest thing

in the world to give a successful children's party, because there is often a considerable difference in the ages of the guests, and tactful management on the part of the hostess is required to make the entertainment pleasurable to everyone. For this reason it is best to invite the younger visitors to arrive at 3 p.m. and fix 7 o'clock for the time of their departure, whilst the

friends of the elder children of the house can be asked from 6 till 10.

The old-fashioned game party is the most suitable way of entertaining small guests, and in order to keep things going two or three "grown-ups" who understand the art of organising games should be asked to assist.

Suppose that the little ones arrive punctually at 3 o'clock in clothes which, let us hope, will enable them to enter thoroughly into all the fun without running any risk of spoiling their finery.

Tea can be served about a quarter to four, and this meal should be prettily arranged, and consist of comestibles of the home-made order. Milk and cocoa are better for children than tea or coffee. The bread and butter should be rolled, and sponge cakes made into a dozen different shapes and varieties with the aid of filling, jam and pure sugar icing. Little buttered scones and buns are always appreciated, and the *pièce de résistance* may take the form of a cherry cake, this being far more wholesome than the conventional Christmas cake.

Cherry Cake

The following recipe is always a favourite :

Take 1 lb. of butter, 6 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. castor sugar, 1 lb. fine flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. glacé cherries. Beat the butter to a cream, dredge in the flour (slightly warmed), add sugar and cherries, and mix all the ingredients well together. Whisk the eggs well, add to the mixture and beat for ten minutes. Pour into a tin lined with buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours.

NOTE.—If the cherries are cut into quarters and slightly floured before they are added to the other ingredients, they will not sink to the bottom of the tin and make the cake heavy.

When the cake is nearly cold, remove the paper, turn the tin upside down and place the cake upon it. For the icing the whites of 3 eggs, one pound of icing sugar, and a few drops of flavouring are required. Beat the whites to a stiff froth (they beat much better in a cool larder than in the hot kitchen) then add gradually the sugar and whip until the mixture is white and light. The longer it is beaten the stiffer it will become. Add the flavouring, and if pink icing is preferred, add a few drops of cochineal.

Spread the icing on the sides of the cake with a broad knife. Heap what remains

on the top of the cake, and smooth it until it is even. If the icing hangs on the knife, dip it occasionally in boiling water. Place the cake in a very cool oven, and when the icing has set decorate with cherries, etc.

To Amuse the Little Ones

The first games after tea should not necessitate violent exercise. "Shopping" might occupy the first fifteen minutes. The children are seated in a circle, and the player in the centre says : "I went to the draper's and bought a box of B's." The answer could be "Buttons," and the first to guess correctly goes into the centre. "Fairy Tale People" is another quiet game. Each child takes the name of a character in a well-known fairy tale. A grown-up tells a wonderful story in which all these characters occur. At the mention of their names the players must rise (as in Family Coach) or pay "forfeit." A little later on "Hunt the Slipper," "Here we go gathering Nuts in May," "Ring-a-ring of Roses," and "Oranges and Lemons" may be played. "Musical Chairs" is always amusing, both to play and to watch, and by way of a finishing romp Sir Roger de Coverley may be introduced.

The supper for young children should consist of simple sandwiches (no party is complete without these) made of finely minced chicken and tongue; pink, white, or chocolate blancmanges, made in egg-cups, custards in small glasses, wafers, fancy biscuits and sponge-cakes.

Oranges filled with jelly are an attractive and wholesome sweet. With the point of a small knife cut out from the top of each orange a round the size of a shilling, then with a teaspoon remove the pulp. (This can be used for orange cake, jelly, fruit salad, etc.) Fill the oranges with jelly, some yellow, some pink, and when cold cut into quarters with a sharp knife and arrange on a high dish. Plenty of crackers and a parting gift for each guest should be provided.

Games and Dances for Older Children

The resources of the hostess are not taxed so strenuously to ensure the success of an entertainment for older children. A set of progressive games with one or two prizes, supper about half past eight, and finally a few dances, and the evening has passed

all too quickly. The supper table must of course be re-set, and the advantage of using small moulds for blancmanges, etc., will at once be noticed, as nothing spoils the appearance of a table so much as the presence of several half-finished dishes.

The cost of such an entertainment need not be large, provided the refreshments are home-made, and the presents limited to little chocolate and sugar animals, home dressed dolls, boxes of transfers, tracing slates, etc. Boxes covered with chintz, linen, or cretonne, containing a dainty handkerchief, hat-pin, or a few bon-bons, are excellent for prizes for girls, whilst boys appreciate a silver pencil-case, pocket calendars or letter case.

Sandwiches for "Grown-up" Socials

The modern hostess should be very grateful for the introduction of competitive games, for guests nowadays practically entertain themselves, and the only preparations for a social or evening party she is called on to make are the providing of two or three prizes, more or less costly, according to her means, and a supper. The importance of this meal has been much modified of late years, and instead of occupying a prominent place in the evening's programme, the guests are so often engrossed in their pursuits that they can only spare a few minutes in which to partake of a couple of sandwiches.

The following ideas are not very generally known, and may prove useful at this festive season. Boil for six or seven minutes as many new-laid eggs as are required, remove them from the saucepan and drop them into cold water—this enables one to take the shells off easily. Separate the yolks

from the whites and place the former in a mortar with butter and anchovy paste. Thoroughly pound all together. Chop the whites finely and also a fair proportion of capers, and add these to the mixture. Have ready well-buttered thin slices of brown bread, on which spread the paste and then roll.

Sardines, boned and pounded with vinegar and butter, St. Ivel or any paste cheese, pounded chicken, turkey or ham—these and many other fillings may be rolled in brown or white bread and butter, and lettuce, tomato, or cress may be added, if desired.

A pleasing variety of the ordinary sandwiches is made as follows:—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Cheddar cheese, yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, 1 oz. butter, pepper and salt, and a saltspoonful of made mustard. Beat the eggs and butter until smooth, add the cheese (grated) and seasoning, mix well and spread on white bread and butter, and cover with a thin slice of brown.

Delicious Hot Sandwiches

Hot sandwiches are a novelty, and are delicious. Mince some cold chicken and a little ham, then stir into a small cupful of boiling gravy to which a spoonful of curry paste has been added. Set it over the fire for a few minutes, then turn this into a basin and stamp rounds of thin, stale bread and fry them carefully. Spread a layer of the mixture between two of the rounds and place on the top a small piece of cheese and butter. Put the sandwiches on a sheet of tin in a quick oven for a few minutes, and serve very hot on a folded napkin. Bath Oliver biscuits may be substituted for the *croûtons* with an equally good result.





The Crutch-and-Kindness League

WHILE we are telling on other pages the interesting story of Sir John Kirk's life, we are fortunate in securing as a contributor one who has worked for years with Sir John on the more pathetic side of his many labours of love—the care of the young cripples. This is the Rev. J. Reid Howatt, a gentleman who was long ago known as "The Prince of Children's Preachers."

Mr. Howatt well deserves the title, not only from the fascinating style of his sermons to the little ones, but also for their quantity, for more addresses for children stand to his name than to that of any other author. One set of his books alone makes a complete children's sanctuary: "The Churclette," "The Children's Angel," "The Children's Pew," "The Children's Pulpit," "The Children's Preacher," and "The Children's Prayer-Book."

But it is as the founder of the Crutch-and-Kindness League that we are glad to welcome him to these pages. It is hardly too much to say that this League is unique. Mr. Reid Howatt has mixed much with the cripples. About eight years ago he began to wonder what he could do to help them practically. Having a large city pastorate and much literary work besides, he felt hampered in his good desire, till the thought flashed on him: Why not consecrate his pen? He did so, and in this spirit he set to work to raise up somewhere in the world one friend at least for every poor cripple in London. And marvellously thus far he has succeeded, for there are now 9,000 members in the League, residing in almost every part of the world. The value of the friendships thus made is simply incal-

culable, and it is hard to say which gets most benefit—the little cripples or their sound and healthy friends. Certain it is that the correspondence between them is of the kind which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

The salient feature of the League is that it enlists the help of the Post Office. The advantage of this will be obvious. It is not always possible for even the most sympathetic friend to visit the little maimed and lonely ones in their dwellings, neither is it desirable; yet it is always needful to get in touch somehow with the afflicted, if the grander impulses of the heart are to be strengthened rather than fail for want of exercise. What the Crutch-and-Kindness League asks of its members is that each shall write a letter once a month to some cripple child assigned to him or her for this purpose, with all particulars of the "case" given. This, it will be seen, brings the merciful work of the League within reach of everyone who is near a post office, and it opens a field of gracious kindness to young and old, strong and weak, those at the end of the earth and those near, those in crowded cities and those dwelling in loneliest places.

The League should make special appeal to all kind-hearted people, for it provides the very outlet such friends desire. There is but one fee—one shilling, to cover expenses—and a beautiful card of membership is given to every subscriber. More details must be left for another time; meanwhile, all further particulars may be had by sending a stamp to Sir John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

HEROES OF THE FAITH

BY HENRY CHARLES MOORE, AUTHOR OF
"A DEVONSHIRE LASS"

I.—Jean Fabre

IN the summer of the year 1702 the Protestant peasants of the Cevennes, a range of mountains in the South of France, rose in revolt against their king, Louis XIV., who had treated them with the greatest cruelty because they refused to become Roman Catholics. Thousands of their comrades had been tortured, and some had been burnt to death at the stake. Led by Jean Cavalier, a youth of seventeen, these peasants, known as Camisards because of the *camises* or blouses they wore, defeated the royal troops again and again, and did not lay down their arms until Louis XIV. promised that in future they should have perfect liberty to worship God according to the Protestant faith.

This promise was not, however, kept, and Louis XV., a great-grandson of Louis XIV., issued a proclamation that all Protestants caught meeting together for worship would be sent to the galleys for life. This threat of life-long slavery did not deter the brave, God-loving Protestants of the Cevennes from meeting from time to time for prayer and praise, and towards the end of the year 1755 word was passed from peasant to peasant that on New Year's Day a service would be held in a certain valley in the neighbourhood of Nimes.

Notice of this meeting was sent also to the Protestants residing in Nimes, and among those who secretly left the town on New Year's Day to attend the service was Jean Fabre, a young and prosperous silk merchant. Accompanying him was his father, who, although seventy-eight years of age, and very feeble, had insisted on being present at the gathering.

The spot chosen for the meeting was a valley surrounded by steep, rocky mountains, the entrance to it being a long, narrow pass, and on arriving there Jean and his father found a large company of worshippers.

The pastor opened the meeting with prayer, but scarcely had he finished when one of the watchmen stationed on the hills to warn the worshippers in case of danger shouted, "The soldiers are coming! They are approaching the pass!"

Instantly the Protestants hurried to escape

by climbing the steep mountain-side, and Jean Fabre, being young and agile, was soon in a place of safety; but just as he reached it he was filled with horror and remorse, for in the excitement he had forgotten his father.

Looking down from the ledge on which he had found refuge, Jean saw his father being led away by the soldiers. Hurriedly descending the mountain-side, Jean ran to the soldiers and implored them to release his father and take him prisoner in his place, but the sergeant refused. Almost frantic with grief, Jean rushed at the soldiers, and flinging them aside rescued his father from their midst. Then standing in front of him he again pleaded that he might take his father's place as prisoner.

Jean's strength surprised the sergeant, and knowing that having so powerful a man as prisoner would bring him more credit than the capture of an aged, feeble man, he agreed to Jean's proposal. Strongly guarded, Jean was marched off to prison, while his father, who had protested against the exchange, made his way home in great grief.

Alone in his prison cell, Jean Fabre thought sorrowfully of Marie, the young lady to whom he was to be married in the course of a few weeks. Now there was no hope of his ever seeing her again, for only by becoming a Roman Catholic could he escape being sent to life-long captivity at the galleys. Priests came to him in his cell and urged him to take this step, but he told the tempters that not for all the happiness this world could give would he renounce the Protestant faith.

After a few days in the prison at Nimes, Jean was taken to Montpellier to be tried, and on telling the judges that nothing ever would induce him to cease to be a Protestant he was pronounced an "incurrigible heretic" and condemned to the galleys for life.

With his hair cropped, and wearing the dress of a convict, he was taken, a few days later, into the prison yard, where some thirty convicts, chained together and closely guarded by soldiers, stood in couples ready to march to the galleys at Toulon.

With feelings of disgust Jean saw that the men who were to be his companions on the road were criminals of the most degraded type. He saw, too, that he alone of the convicts was a Protestant,

Protestant convicts were compelled to wear red jackets to show they were heretics, and he was the only prisoner thus attired.

Without delay an iron collar was placed around Jean's neck, and the chain attached to it was made secure to the iron collar worn by the most repulsive-looking convict present. A long chain was then passed between the two rows of heads, joining each pair of convicts to the pair immediately behind. In this way the whole of the convicts were joined together, making escape impossible.

Soon the order to start was given, and the heavily fettered convicts moved forward, guarded by cavalry. Jean Fabre was strong and healthy, and the weight of the iron collar and chains did not fatigue him greatly, but when they had marched a few miles he became parched with thirst. Whenever his fellow prisoners were thirsty they implored the cottagers who stood at their doors to see them pass to bring them water to drink, and never did they refuse. But though the people gave water willingly to Jean's companions, not a drop would they give to him. His red coat showed him to be a Protestant, and they feared that if they gave him water the priests might denounce them as heretics.

Sad at heart, Jean plodded on until Toulon was reached. On arriving there, a priest, knowing the hardships Jean had endured on the journey, urged him to escape further suffering by renouncing his religion and becoming a Roman Catholic, but he soon saw the attempt was useless.

Jean was then unchained and taken aboard a galley, a long, flat, single-deck boat, where rows of convicts sat chained together at their oars. All the convicts were in a filthy condition, and the one next to whom Jean was placed was a degraded creature who boasted of the many crimes he had committed. Not even for a minute could Jean escape the company of this hardened criminal, for at night the convicts slept, chained together, on the seats where throughout the day they sat and rowed.

Six years passed and Jean was still a convict. Many times had the priest who visited the galleys urged him to obtain his liberty by becoming a Roman Catholic, but even in his most dejected moments he was able to resist the temptation.

Now and again he received news from his

home. Two years after coming to the galleys he was told of the peaceful death of his aged father, and from time to time he heard that Marie was still praying and hoping for his return to freedom.

Then one day came sad news. Marie's father had been stricken with paralysis, and was no longer able to support himself and his daughter. A rich man was eager to marry Marie, and her father implored her to wed him to save them from poverty. On hearing this, Jean sent a message to Marie, telling her that, as there was no hope of his ever being set free, he released her from her promise to marry him.

A few weeks later Jean was told that the day for Marie's wedding had been fixed, but before that day arrived he received news that Marie had broken off her engagement, declaring that she would never marry any man but Jean; and to those who said he would never be able to marry her she replied that in that case she would die unmarried.

When Marie made this resolve she knew nothing of a strong effort that was being made to bring about Jean's release. It was started by two French military officers who had heard of Jean's devotion in giving up his liberty to save his father from the galleys. They sought out the sergeant to whom Jean had surrendered himself, and hearing from him that the story was true in every respect they repeated it wherever they went, with the result that Jean Fabre's heroism was before long well known in social circles. A play with Jean for the hero—depicting first his descent from the mountain and surrender to the soldiers, and afterwards showing him as a convict at the galleys—increased the sympathy for the brave young Protestant, and soon the demand for his release was so widespread that the Government, in spite of the protests of the priests, granted him a free pardon.

We can easily imagine Jean's joy and his gratitude to God when, after six years of suffering and degradation, his chains were removed, and he was told that he was a free man. After a few weeks of complete rest he was married to Marie, and until death parted them, many years later, they lived happy, uneventful lives. Though they made no attempt to conceal that they were Protestants, they were never again called on to suffer for their religion.

SUNDAY TALKS

"Gold of Parvaim"

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY

I CANNOT tell you exactly where Parvaim is. The place is not named on any of our maps. The word means "Eastern," so we may safely conclude



"FOR THOSE AT SEA."

that "gold of Parvaim" is gold from the East.

Among the Hebrews some of the old rabbis used to say that gold from that region was the purest and best in the whole world. Instead of being yellow, it was a deep orange colour, almost of a blood-red hue.

There are valuable gold mines in Australia, Alaska, California, Japan, the Transvaal, and many other places. In the British Isles gold has been found in Devonshire, Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland. Two hundred years ago large quantities were brought from Guinea on the west coast of Africa, and this gold was so pure that, when made into money, a coin of the same size as a sovereign was called "a guinea," and counted of equal value with twenty-one shillings.

Very early in the Bible we read that outside the Garden of Eden there was "the land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good" (Genesis ii. 11, 12). Elsewhere the Scriptures make mention of "fine gold," "pure gold," "the best gold," "perfect gold." In the service of God excellence is to be the rule. Everything devoted to Him is to be good, fine, pure, the best, perfect.

In building and furnishing the temple of the Lord, King Solomon was most careful as to the quality of the materials used.

The foundation of the house was laid with "wrought stones." The walls were built of "great stones and costly." The timber was the best that Lebanon could yield—fine-grained olive, goodly fir, fragrant incorruptible cedar. The metals were solid and pure, wholly

free from alloy. There was no stuccoed masonry, no veneered wood, no lacquered brass. The silver bowls were silver. The golden candlestick was gold.

No one can read carefully through the third and fourth chapters of the Second Book of the Chronicles without remarking on the quality, as well as the quantity, of

gold used in the erection and adornment of God's house.

"The porch that was before the house he overlaid "with pure gold." "The greater house he cieled with fir tree, which he overlaid with fine gold." "He garnished the house with precious stones for beauty : and the gold was gold of Parvaim." Moreover, "Solomon made all the vessels that were in the house of God, the golden altar also, and the tables whereon was the shewbread; and the candlesticks with their lamps; . . . and the flowers, and the lamps, and the tongs, of gold, and that perfect gold; and the snuffers, and the basons, and the spoons, and the firepans, of pure gold" (2 Chronicles iii. 4-6; iv. 19-22).

All this serves to impress on our minds and hearts that everything we do for God and everything we give to Him should be the very best we have or can find. The Jews offered to Him "all the best of the oil, and all the best of the vintage, and of the corn the firstfruits," "the finest of the wheat," "the fatted calf," "a lamb without blemish," "choice silver," and "gold of Parvaim."

And from you and me God expects "*the best*"—the cream of our love, the flower of our time, the fulness of our life—all we are, and all we have. Shall we try to put Him off with less? Shall we bring to Him nothing better than "a divided heart," stray moments of our time, a few occasional thoughts, hasty snatches of praise, drowsy fragments of prayer, and the odd pence that remain over after we have spent the bulk of our money on ourselves?

Some of the Jews were mean enough to act thus. When a sacrifice was demanded of them, they looked through their flocks and herds for the feeblest and the worst. If they had a blind ox, or a lame lamb, or a sick pigeon, they made it their offering. How contemptible it was! What an insult! Listen to the rebuke of their conduct by the Most High: "Ye brought that which was torn, and the lame, and the sick; thus ye brought an offering: should I accept this of your hand? saith the Lord" (Malachi i. 13).

A missionary from Madagascar told me of a Malagasy tribe who, at appointed times, worship their ancestors, and are not very generous in the sacrifices they make. Usually a fowl is killed and cooked for the occasion.

But, instead of offering the whole fowl upon the altar, they keep for themselves all the tit-bits. They eat the tender parts of the breast, the wings, the merry-thought; and the spirits of their ancestors get only the scraggy head and scaly feet of the bird.

Another missionary sent home the story of South Sea Islanders who have a god named Hiro. He is said to be "the god of thieves"; and whenever evil men and women wish to steal they pray to Hiro and ask his aid. It is very foolish and wicked, but in their heathen blindness they do not know any better.

When successful in thieving they always make a present to their idol. If they have stolen a pig and roasted it they make a great feast; and after eating as much as they can they take a little bit of the pig's tail, or one of his toes, and fling it before the shrine of the idol, saying, "Here, Hiro; good Hiro, this is for you."

Ours is "the living God"; HE will not be so served. "I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts." None of us may presume to put Him off with scraps of piety, fragments of obedience, dregs of devotion. With our whole soul and strength we must render unto God the things that are God's, and begin by giving our "own selves to the Lord." As did a dear child who, at the close of a prayer meeting, flung her arms around her teacher's neck, and with beaming face and joyful tears whispered, "I have given my heart to Jesus, every bit of it." This done, everything else will be gratefully given and gladly used for Him.

In a mission school a visitor wrote on the blackboard, "See that Jesus gets it all." Afterwards one of the scholars, a very poor child, lay sick and dying. She asked for a little bag which held a few copper coins—just four shillings in halfpennies and pennies—and, turning to her grandmother, the child said, "Grannie, it's all my own; I saved it for the mission," and added with a joyful smile,

"SEE THAT JESUS GETS IT ALL."

Take these words as the motto of your life in this New Year. In thankfulness and love give your own selves to Jesus. Then, all that you have will be His, and even copper coins devoted to His service will be more precious in His esteem than "gold of Parvaim."

Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

JANUARY 3rd THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD

Acts i. 1-14

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The evidence of Christ's resurrection as seen in His sojourn for forty days on earth. (2) The promise of the Holy Ghost. (3) The prediction of the angels with regard to our Lord's coming again. (4) The happy fellowship of the disciples.

THE fact that Christ triumphed over death and the grave is proof that death has lost its power over the believer. Speaking of death, a woman said, "The awfulness of it all is its mystery. If only one person had ever come back to tell us anything about it! But it seems a great unknown country; it seems as if life goes out like a candle." "One passed through that mysterious experience, and has come back to tell us of it," answered her pastor. "This was His message—John wrote it down for our comfort: 'Fear not; I am He that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore.'"

How Luther found Courage

Luther, the great reformer, was once in great perplexity and trouble, and some friends saw him write certain words over and over again on a paper. The words were only these: "He lives! He lives!" He needed just then more than anything else to impress on his mind and consciousness the fact that he had a living Helper, present and powerful—not simply a memory of One Who had once lived in Palestine.

JANUARY 10th. THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN JERUSALEM

Acts ii. 1-21

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The unanimity of the believers—they were all in one place. (2) How the blessing manifested itself. (3) The mocking onlookers. (4) Peter's bold speech and the conditions of salvation.

God has no fixed ways of working, and His blessings do not come to all in the same way. The gift of the Holy Spirit may come quietly, or there may be visible manifestations of His presence, as there were on the great day of Pentecost. The writer was once told of a remarkable prayer meeting by one who had taken part in it. As the company knelt in prayer, an old farmer began to shake, at first gently, but gradually more

and more. Then he began to laugh, and one after another followed his example, till, in a short time, all in the room were standing up, some laughing and others crying. It was an extraordinary spectacle. The Spirit of God had come down on that meeting, and the visitation brought with it much blessing.

A Free Salvation

Peter made it perfectly plain that everyone who earnestly called on the Lord would find salvation. In these days we find many new schemes, but salvation is only granted on the old terms. Mr. Spurgeon was once visited by a big, burly Irishman who had been listening to his sermon, but, being a Roman Catholic, he could not understand what was meant by a full and free salvation. The famous preacher did his best to point out the way of salvation, but the Irishman could not understand until this illustration was used. "Pat," said Mr. Spurgeon, "suppose you had committed a crime, and were sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and I were to go to the Queen and get her to set you free, and I went to prison and suffered in your stead." "Sure," said the Irishman, "that would be very kind of you." "Yes," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and in the same way Jesus suffered for your sins on the cross." (1 Corinthians xv. 3, 4.) Then Mr. Spurgeon prayed with the man, and after much soul struggle he admitted his condition as a sinner, and accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour.

JANUARY 17th. BEGINNING OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Acts ii. 22-47

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Peter's testimony to the saving power of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. (2) How conviction of sin was produced. (3) The great ingathering of souls. (4) Characteristics of the early Christians.

In the early days of the Christian Church the followers of Jesus Christ practised what they believed, and in this way they made a deep impression on those who watched them. Dr. Luering, of the Methodist Mission in India, went among the head-hunting Dyaks and preached to them. When after some time he was recalled to Singapore, the chief asked him to send a man in his place. Dr. Luering replied: "You do not really seem to want a missionary, for you have

not followed my teachings. Have you become Christians, you and your people?" The chieftain now pronounced a truth which no Christian should ever forget, saying, "Sir, we have heard your preaching, and as wise men we have watched your living, and now see that both agree—your preaching and your living, so that we are willing to become Christians. You have told us many good things, you have made our mouths water, and now you withdraw the food and leave us to ourselves. Will you not send us a missionary?"

A Promise Fulfilled

It seemed an impossible task for a handful of men to make any impression on the vast world that did not know Jesus Christ, but they believed in their mission and in the power of the Master Whom they served. And thus all through the records of the early Church we read of one triumph after another. When Bishop Thoburn went to India about forty years ago, a certain European said to him, "You might as well try to make a Christian out of a stone pillar as to convert these Hindoos with your handful of missionaries." To-day there are over two million native Christians in India, and among them many prominent public and business men. The "impossible" has come to pass, not by might or power of numbers, but by the Spirit of God.

JANUARY 24th. THE LAME MAN HEALED

Acts iii, 1-26

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) What the lame man expected. (2) What he received. (3) Peter's call to repentance.

HELPLESSNESS always excites one's pity, and where there is need there is nearly always someone ready to minister to it. Not long ago a stoker on a large ocean liner was taken ill with appendicitis, and the surgeon, after an examination, decided that nothing but an immediate operation could save the man's life. The vessel was ploughing its way through a severe storm, but the captain at once gave orders for the liner to be stopped, and dozens of gallons of oil were thrown overboard in order to prevent it from pitching in the heavy seas that were running. While every effort was thus being

made to keep the ship steady, the surgeon was carrying on the operation below, which proved entirely successful.

How to Win Others

Peter could recommend Jesus Christ as a Saviour because of his own acquaintance with Him. A Christian lady was pleading with a poor, sinful girl, who had wandered far from God, to come to Christ for pardon and peace. Suddenly the girl turned to her. "And have you been to Him?" she asked. "Yes, indeed I have," was the reply. "And has He given you rest?" "He has—oh, thank God, He has. He is my Saviour and my Friend." "Then take me with you to Him," murmured the girl. "It would be easier to go with one who had been before." It is only as we know Jesus Christ for ourselves that we can with any success recommend Him to others.

JANUARY 31st. THE TRIAL OF PETER AND JOHN

Acts iv, 1-31

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The progress of the Church. (2) The boldness of Peter and John. (3) The testimony of the man who had been healed.

The man who was healed was a living witness to the power of the Gospel that Peter and John so boldly declared, and when the people looked at him they could say nothing. It is the same to-day. The men and women who have been saved from sin are a testimony to the world of the regenerating influence of the Gospel. And such testimony always tells. It has been the privilege of the writer to sit in the most famous rescue mission in the world—the Water Street Mission in New York—and to hear from the lips of Sam Hadley, now passed away, the wonderful story of how the Lord met and saved him when he was in the lowest depths of sin. Hadley never tired of telling of his conversion, and hundreds of other men who listened to it, as he told it night after night for many years, were led to the feet of the Saviour. We should never be afraid or ashamed to tell what the Lord has done for us, for in that way we act as a finger-post to the Cross, and point the way of salvation to others.



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All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages. Errors in Diet (Eating or Drinking), Biliousness, Sick Headache, Diddiness, Oppression or Feeling of Melancholy, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, or Constipation. It is a Refreshing and Invigorating Beverage, most Invaluable to Travellers, Emigrants, Sailors, & Residents in Tropical Climates.

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In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER
Q-Jan., 1909.] (Face end matter.

The League of Loving Hearts

FOR the benefit of new readers of THE QUIVER a few details respecting the League of Loving Hearts may be of interest. This League was founded in order to meet the case of many people who find it impossible to subscribe to several philanthropic societies, but who are yet anxious to help them. Accordingly, the Editor of THE QUIVER thought that a League, to which members should subscribe not less than One Shilling as entrance fee, would be the means of helping ten well-known Societies, between which all the funds of the League are equally divided.

The names of the ten Societies which Members of the League of Loving Hearts help are given below, and they will be seen to cover a wide variety of philanthropic effort. Already a large sum of money has been divided between these Societies, and over 3,000 readers of THE QUIVER have joined the League.

It is earnestly desired that many more should become Members of the League. No limit is placed to the sum which any member may contribute. All you have to do is to fill in the coupon below and send a sum of not less than One Shilling, but as much more as you like, to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. A Certificate of Membership will be forwarded at once.

The subscriptions of old Members of the League for the New Year are now due, and the Editor will be very pleased to receive them.

Members of the League have lately taken part in an excellent competition for providing hospitals with albums, and some hundreds of albums have been distributed among the leading hospitals of the land. Other methods of helping our Societies are in prospect, and it is earnestly hoped that thousands of readers of THE QUIVER will join the League at once.

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 SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
 MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
 THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
 LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
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The League of Loving Hearts.

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La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

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An old adage tells us that prevention is better than cure, and though one may not be able to prevent a fire from breaking out, it is possible to save much loss of property and possibly of life also by having the forethought to guard against this contingency, and be prepared to nip the outbreak in the bud before it assumes great proportions. Even in towns, but still more in isolated country districts, much valuable time is lost while sending for the fire brigade, and meanwhile the fire assumes alarming proportions. This could be avoided by having an effective Extinguisher at hand. Practically everyone nowadays has his premises insured, but does everyone take the equally necessary precaution of having ready some means of coping with a fire when it is first discovered? Yet one thing is equally essential with the other, and if this fact were generally recognised by the public there would be fewer serious conflagrations than there are.

The question of first-aid fire appliances is of the utmost importance, and it is just as essential that the ordinary householder who pays a very moderate rent should be as efficiently protected as the gentleman in his country mansion—in fact, this whole question of first aid should be more vividly brought to the knowledge of everyone, and should receive serious attention without further delay, as the outlay is so very trifling that it comes within the reach of all.

Science during the last century has brought us many effectual methods of saving life, but we venture to assert that none will have a more far-reaching effect than the dry powder process of dealing with outbreaks of fire, for, by this process, it is possible to extinguish the most serious outbreaks without any danger to the operator, and the method is so simple that it can be applied by any inexperienced person or even a child.

It is worthy of note that very many of the heads of our large public schools and colleges have taken this question of fire prevention seriously in hand, but unfortunately there are still a large number of private schools throughout the United Kingdom who have neglected this all-important matter—although this is just as essential as the question of hygiene and sanitation. It would be advisable for parents, when sending their sons and daughters to these establishments, to make a point of inquiring if the particular school in question is efficiently protected against fire.

It would also appear that this question has not been sufficiently considered by steamship companies, hotels, hospitals, etc.; as, should a fire occur, the loss of life must be very great. The fact of seeing a proper fire equipment at once gives a feeling of security.

The annual fire waste throughout the country in buildings of ordinary hazard is very great, and is responsible for the present heavy cost of insurance. Much of this lamentable destruction of property could be avoided if simple, and in many cases inexpensive, precautions were taken against the spread of fire by the adoption of first-aid appliances.

Some fire insurance companies are now beginning to realise the fact that first-aid appliances, such as "Kyl-Fyre," are most essential in every building, and in consequence several well known fire offices are prepared to allow a substantial rebate to any of their insurers who are protected with this Extinguisher, and any reader interested in this question of rebate should apply for further information to Messrs. Kyl-Fyre, Ltd., Eastbourne.

One continually reads of motor-cars, motor launches, etc., taking fire, and in many cases a serious loss occurs. This could all be avoided if they were properly protected.

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In a recent paper there was an account of a motor-car being totally destroyed by fire on Beachy Head, this being the second within three months in that neighbourhood. Had the owners taken the precaution of having at least one "Kyl-Fyre" Extinguisher on the car they would undoubtedly have been saved great loss, but this never appears to be thought of until an actual outbreak occurs.

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THE SCHOOL CHAPEL

THE exercise of a little thoughtfulness in the selection of presents for one's friends for the New Year is always profitable. It is not always the expensive gift that is the most appreciated. Rather is it the gift which proves to the recipient that a careful study of one's taste and need has been made. It is just that thoughtfulness and consideration which counts for so much, and adds infinite value to the gift. Few articles convey so much expression of feeling in themselves as a Fountain Pen. The perfection to which the well-known "Swan" has been brought makes a gift of one the cherished possession of a lifetime. It is at once a perpetual reminder of the giver and a continual source of quiet satisfaction to the owner. Every stationer or jeweller will show you a selection of "Swans" from half-a-guinea upwards. They can be had mounted in silver or gold or in jewels, can be engraved as desired, and every sort of handwriting can be suited. The New Catalogue just issued by Mabie, Todd & Co., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C., is sent post free on application, and anyone who does not find in it something to satisfy will indeed be hard to please.

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Our readers should make a point of calling in at 82, New Bond Street, and seeing them, or of writing for further particulars, orders by post receiving prompt attention.

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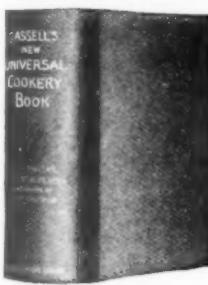
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